

**SPECIAL
IN THIS ISSUE**

THE MAD "STAR WARS" MUSICAL

No.
203
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"Political campaign speeches are like steer horns: A point here ... a point there ... and a lot of bull in between!" — Alfred E. Neuman

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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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LETTERS DEPT.



SATURDAY NIGHT FEEBLE

"Saturday Night Feeble" left me weak and begging for more. Drucker and Kogen belong in a class with Robert Stigwood! If the ending of "S.N.E." is any indication of what your unique minds are planning, John T. will soon make another appearance in MAD; this time dancin' to the nostalgic sounds of the fifties, in "Grease." My ESP?

Dean Bruggeman
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Platform shoes off to Arnie Kogen! However, I was disappointed at the job Mort Drucker did on John Travolta, whom I consider one of the most sensuous actors in the history of Hollywood. Mort made this gorgeous hunk look like Sylvester Stallone with a bad case of amoebic dysentery. Katie Allen

New Canaan, Conn.

"Saturday Night Feeble" was DIS-Couraging!

Richard Schwartz
Philadelphia, Pa.

Kogen and Drucker's "S.N.E." was Bee-Gee keen!

Glen Gold
New York, N.Y.

I was all big toes and "Feeble"-minded!

Terry Wilson
Grand Rapids, Mich.

I really "caught" your "Saturday Night Fever"!

Grant M. Wanner
Pittsburgh, Pa.

DISCOUNT COUPONS WE NEED

Your "Discount Coupons" was unusually excellent. Now may I have a coupon for one free MAD, since I have been subjected to the garbage in your past issues?

Marshall Johnson
Binghamton, N.Y.

Mind if we discount your request?-Ed.

MAD GOES TO A BUFFET SUPPER

Paul Peter Porges's "MAD Goes To A Buffet Supper" catered to my laugh buds!

Evan Spring
Piermont, N.Y.

RICKARD SLIPS A DISCO

In the fifteen years that I've been reading MAD I have never seen Alfred E. Neuman look better on a cover. Are you thinking of upgrading him to a sex symbol?

Teri Tremel
Newark, Delaware

Your Alfred E. Travolta cover was the best I've seen in a long, long, real long, long time!

Elizabeth Kurtz
Beer town, Wisconsin

I like your cover; Alfred tripping the light sarcastic!

Vito A. Oliva
Clifton, N.J.

Some Dum-Dum put two covers on my issue #201. It was four times as good, Tell Rickard!

Jeff Jones
Dayton, Ohio

I'm wondering if Jack Rickard took Disco lessons before ever attempting to draw the cover?

Mike Karp
Sharon, Mass.

No, he took drawing lessons!-Ed.

HOW TO TEENAGE

My colleagues and I congratulate MAD, George Woodbridge, and Larry Siegel on successfully mastering the developmental tasks of adolescence. Your article "How To Teenage" will be required reading for a course we teach on Multidisciplinary Aspects of Adolescence at the University of Cincinnati.

Richard R. Brookman, M.D.
The Adolescent Clinic
Cincinnati, Ohio

A MAD LOOK AT DISCOS

"A MAD Look At Discos" gave real meaning to the word DISCOTECHHHH!

Alan Harris
Massapequa, N.Y.

THE CHANGING FACE OF CRIME

"The Changing Face Of Crime" was down to earth and full of meaning. I liked it so much, I'm going to rip-off a few more copies for my friends!

Jim La Ruffa
Margate, Fla.

"Right on!" to your splendid article "The Changing Face Of Crime". Truly, as a noted jurist has observed, we have laws but no justice.

William Hogan
Los Angeles, Calif.

For your information, regarding your "A MAD Look At The Changing Face Of Crime," nearly all assaults on people in jail are "straights" assaulting gays, or those who look gay. Who writes your material, Anita Bryant? Also, Alfred doesn't look too straight, now that I think about it.

Jerry Stewart
Tampa, Fla.

Remember When...no matter how old you were, if you committed a crime you were put in juvenile hall, or in jail. Today...no matter what you do, as long as you're *underage*, the judge will slap your wrists, chew you out, and let you go scot-free.

Bill Peckenpaugh
Gualala, Calif.

HOW CAN YOU TRUST...

"How Can You (And Coker And Porges) Trust..." An English teacher who misspells a one-syllable word? A television preacher who mentions money three times in his sermon and religion only once? A Government that promises to end the bureaucracy of departmental agencies and establishes a departmental agency to end the bureaucracy of departmental agencies? A magazine that claims everyone else is not to be trusted?

Edward Hatton
Havelock, N.C.

"How Can You Trust..." made me suspicious of the guy headed toward the last copy of MAD Super Special #26 on the stationery store shelf. So, I tripped him and grabbed the copy. How did I know he was the newsdealer's son?

Phil Prawda
Rosemead, Calif.

MIXED NUTS FOR BRAZIL

We have many American magazines in Brazil, but MAD is the best stupid one!

Mauricio Dini
Campinas S.P.
Brazil

EIGHT IS TOO ROUGH

Your satire of "Eight Is Enough" was too much!

Wayne Stoll
Northridge, Calif.

Bravo, Angelo Torres and Lou Silverstone! I'm Susan Richardson, Susan Bradford of "Eight Is Enough." Your "Eight Is Too Rough" was absolutely hysterical and almost caused a riot on the set. We only had one copy amongst cast and crew and we were to the point of being too rough over it. What fun to laugh at yourself. Thanks for the "honor."

Susan Richardson
Hollywood, Calif.



MAD can't get "Enough" of Susan Richardson

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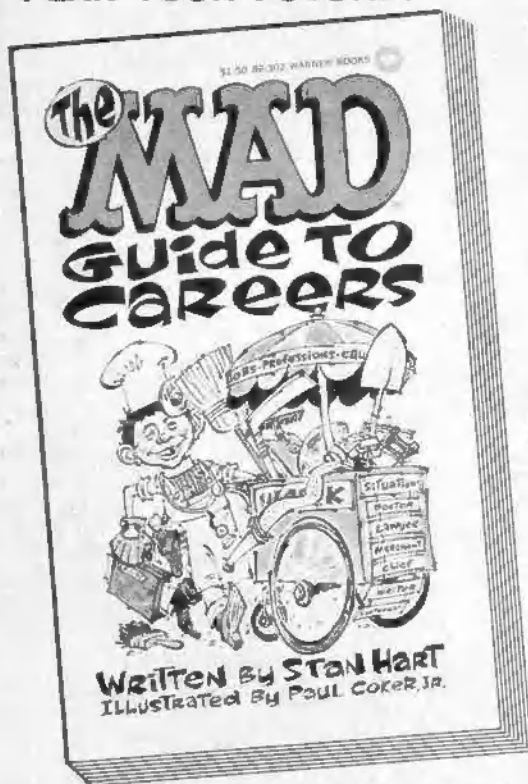
Sorry! Time's up! Too bad you missed this fabulous sale of full-color portraits of MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid, Alfred E. Neuman, suitable for framing or for wrapping fish. However, you can still get them for only 35¢ for one, 75¢ for 3, \$1.55 for 9, \$3.15 for 27 or \$6.35 for 81. Mail money to: MAD 485 MADison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022



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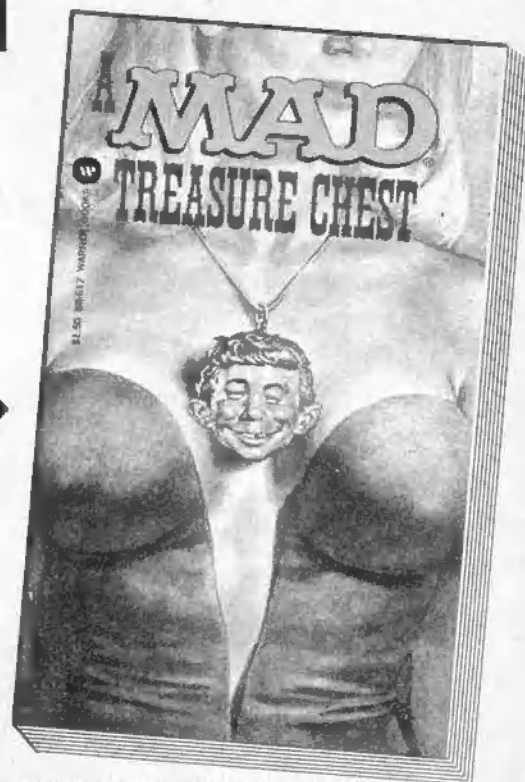
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☐ Clods' Letters To MAD

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SPACE OPERA DEPT.

Once, not too long ago in our galaxy, we were invaded by a movie called "Star Wars" . . . and it was so spectacularly successful that it led to further exploits of "Star Wars" such as posters and dolls and toys and jewelry and coloring books. We feel that it's only a matter of time before we are assaulted by the ultimate "Star Wars" spin-off . . . namely, a musical based on the movie. With this in mind, let's look into the future, as the Editors of MAD present

THE THE MA

*What good is watching
some dull, local war,
Night-ly on your TV!
Come to the Gal-ax-y,
my friends!
Come to the Gal-ax-y!

We've got a Death Star
and ray-guns galore—
Kil-ling's improved, you see!
Come to the Gal-ax-y,
my friends!
Come to the Gal-ax-y!

Come see the 'droids!
Come feel the Force!
Come have a blast!
Watch . . . a . . . cru-sad-er
Risk his life
against Darth Vader!

You'll meet a Wookiee
who lets out a roar
Each time we sing off-key!
Come to the Gal-ax-y,
my friends!
Come to the Gal-ax-y!



*Sung to the tune of "Cabaret"

FORCE AND D "STAR WARS" MUSICAL

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



Artoo-Detoo, you've got to deliver my plans to Ben Kenobi—or we are in very big trouble!

Don't worry, Princess! Artoo won't fail you! He's had 20 years experience!

Where?
Working for the U.S. Postal Service!

WE ARE IN VERY BIG TROUBLE!

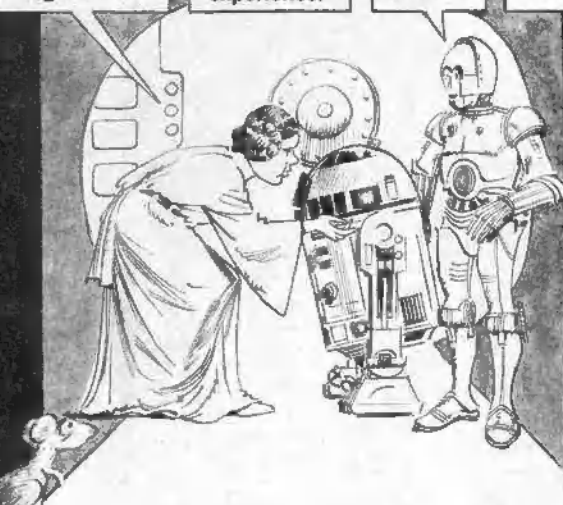
Well, Princess! At last I have you alone!

Darth Vader, you've conquered my ship, destroyed my crew, killed off my last tenor . . . butchered and tortured! WHY?

I wanted to make a strong first impression!

I'll say one thing for Darth Vader! He's GREAT at destroying planets!

But LOUSY at picking up girls!



You'd change your mind if you knew the tender, shy, sensitive man behind this mask!

I know what you are . . .

The most hid-e-ous name in all the world . . .

Darth Vader!

Darth Vader!

Darth Vader!

*Darth Vader!
I'm held by a fiend named Darth Vader!
And what they say is true:
He's stinking up the U—ni-verse!

Darth Vader!
I'm filled with disgust from Darth Vader!
He's horrible to see
And wheezes each time we converse!

Darth Vader!
Say it once and with hatred you're oozing!
Say it twice and your lunch you are losing!

Darth Vader!
Revolted I am from Darth Vader!

Darth Vader!

*Sung to the tune of "Maria"



Hi! I'm Luke Skywalker and I'm looking to buy a couple of used 'droids!

How about this one? He had an accident on a nearby star!

Sirius?
Nahh... Just a few bruises!

*Slightly used robots with brains e-lec-tron-ic—
Self op-er-at-ing with bodies bi-on-ic—
Full of ambition an now un-employed—
That's what we've got in a second-hand 'droid!

Here's a hum-dinger from Alpha Centaurus!
Give him a kick and he'll sing the next chorus!
Name's R-K-4, but he answers to "Floyd"—
That's what we've got in a second-hand 'droid!

When your life is Full of trou-ble,
And you hate your Wife—
Just flick on the switch Of a second hand 'droid
And you'll have a friend For life!

**Sung to the tune of "My Favorite Things"*

This one's a bargain from southern Polaris—
Takes out the garbage and cleans off your terrace!
If you're neurotic, he'll read up on Freud!
That's what we've got in a second-hand 'droid!

Here's a cute number who's called Artoo-Detoo—
Tagged at a price that you're sure to agree to!
Give him a home and he'll be over-joyed—
That's what we've got in a second-hand 'droid!

When your workers Join a u-nion—
And they raise their Fee—
Just flick on the switch Of your second-hand 'droid
And you'll get your work Done free!

I'm Ben Kenobi! I drove off the Sand People when they attacked you, then bandaged your wounds! I'm an old warrior who's rather clever...!

But I was hit in the head... and you bandaged my FOOT...!!

I'm ALSO rather senile!!

*BEEP!

TOOT!

GLACK!

ZLIP!

VLAT!

ZOP!

YECCH!

BEEP!

Mercy me! You must be the Ben Kenobi that Artoo-Detoo has a message for!

Start beeping, Artoo, and I'll translate!

That's "Hi!" in ro-bot talk!

He's brought an S.O.S.!

The Princess needs your help!

She's really in a mess!

She's on the Star of Death!

Darth Vader is a creep!

He's also got bad breath!

Which brings us back to...

**Sung to the tune of "Do Re Mi"*

What's a girl?

**Here's
mud in
your
eyes!**

**I
never
would
have
guessed!**

**I've never seen
a band like that!**

They're something like
"Punk Rock"
... only with
CLASS!!

"By the time I get to Vega,
she'll be meltin'—
An' sure enough, she'll be
thinkin' we're involved!
I'll give her a hug, then
tell her it's all over,
'Cause I know in just an
hour she'll be dissolved!

HEY, HIC SHIN
MELANCHOLY
MARTIAN!

I POSE FOR GREETING CARDS! WHAT'S YOUR RACKET?

SLURF

***Sung (briefly) to "By The Time I Get To Phoenix"**

**You'll
fly us
wherever
we want!**

**You'll even
risk your
life if
necessary!**

**You'll let
me pay
by
check!**

Like **HECK** I
will! You'll
pay **CASH** . . .
or we're not
flying any-
where!

GROWR!!

There's **ONE** power
that not even **IT**
can stand up to!

What's that?
The power of
MONEY!!

Partly for urban renewal . . . partly to provide the audience with some **dazzling effects** . . . but mainly to introduce my **big number**, which will describe my **daily routine** as the **Galaxy's most evil Space Lord** . . .

*Each day . . .
I must prepare
to look my best
For each attack here!
I love . . .
The cape I wear —
I'm always dressed
In basic black here!

I then . . .
Put on my mask—
I have it shined
Each week on Friday!
And this . . .
Should tell you how
I'm starting
My day!

At noon . . .
I have a meal
Of molten lead
On shredded granite!
And if . . .
Depressed I feel,
I wipe out dead
A passing planet!

Each world . . .
That's blown to bits
Can turn a low
Into a high day!
And this . . .
Should tell you how
I'm spending
My day!

*Sung to the tune of "My Way"

Then later on . . .
'Bout half-past three,
I ter-ror-ize
A gal-ax-y!
I blast their ships!
They pay the price—
Until they call
Me "Mister Nice!"

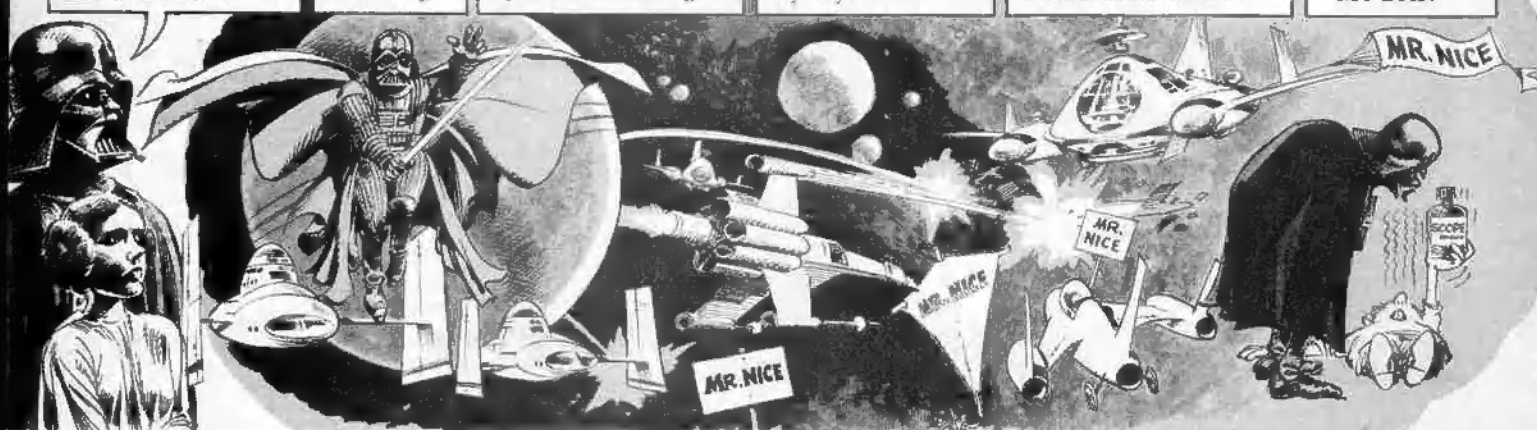
To me
they bow!
And that
is how—
I'm
spending
my
day!

At four . . .
I burn alive
A rebel crew
That I am seizing!
And then . . .
Just after five,
When work is through,
I practice wheezing!

I've had . . .
A nif-ty time—
Real peachy-keen—
An apple-pie day!
And that . . .
Should tell you how
I'm spending
My day!

But should someone say
My breath is bad—
Well, golly gee,
That makes me mad!
He'll find his fate
Is rather grim
When I bend down
And breathe on him!

And as
he dies—
With
awful
cries—
I'M
ENDING
MY DAY!



What is it, Ben?

In my mind,
I hear moans
of agony and
deep despair!

Is it the
lost souls of
Alderaan being
wiped out by
Darth Vader?

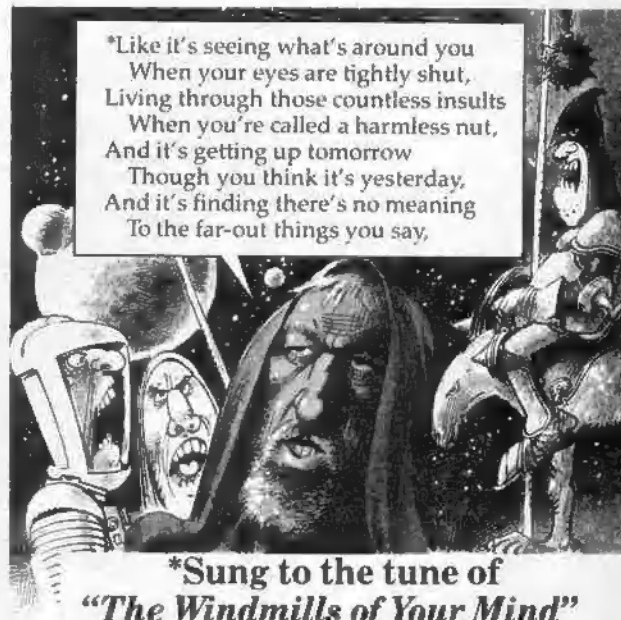
No, it's the Producers
of the original movie—
remembering how they
lost the Oscar for Best
Picture to "Annie Hall"!

You're really
weird, Ben!

It's not ME,
Luke . . . it's
the FORCE!!



*Like it's seeing what's around you
When your eyes are tightly shut,
Living through those countless insults
When you're called a harmless nut,
And it's getting up tomorrow
Though you think it's yesterday,
And it's finding there's no meaning
To the far-out things you say,



*Sung to the tune of
"The Windmills of Your Mind"

And a part of you is floating
While the rest of you stays here,
And you have the strong suspicion
It's not helping your career—
Which is what
You seem to find
When the Force
Controls your mind!

Words that boggle all your senses,
Lines that leave you in a fog,
While you try to get the meaning
Of this nothing dialogue,
And it's feeling kind of useless
From this song that you can't sing,
Like a yoyo that you're spinning
With your head caught in the string.

And you look into a mirror
And decide that you are strange,
So you babble on forever
Knowing you will never change—
Which is what
You seem to find
When the Force
Controls your mind!

Years ago, my great portrayals
Were acclaimed throughout the globe;
Now I'm up here suffocating
In this worn-out, smelly robe;
Still I guess I should be thankful
That I've managed to survive,
Though I should have stayed retired
'Cause I'm over 65;



Now I'm on this leaky space-ship
Where for me there's no escape,
With a greedy, gung-ho pilot
And a screaming 10-foot ape.
Plus an adolescent kid who's
Never seen the Milky Way.
With a robot who keeps beeping
And a 'droid I think is gay.

And I know I'll meet Darth Vader
And soon after that I'll die,
And I'm thinking on the whole
That I prefer the River Kwai—
And I wish I could unwind,
But I find I'm in a bind
'Cause the Force
Controls my mind!

We rescued the Princess, and now we're trapped in this garbage pit!

Don't worry! I'm phoning See-Threepio for help...

This is See-Threepio! I'm not at home right now, but if you leave your name and number at the sound of the beep, I'll get back to you just as soon as I can...

Boy, I hate phone-answering machines!!



Stay... Han Solo! Help us destroy the Death Star!

Princess, I don't like the odds! You see...

*I make my luck in the Galaxy! Earn a fast buck in the Galaxy! I don't get stuck in the Galaxy! Why be a schmuck in the Galaxy?



Help us to blow up the Death Star!

Why don't you rent out a Hertz Car?

If you run out, we just might lose!

I'll watch it all on the late news!

I make good bread in the Galaxy! I'm not misled in the Galaxy! I use my head in the Galaxy—So I'm not dead in the Galaxy!



***Sung to the tune of "I Like It Here In America"**

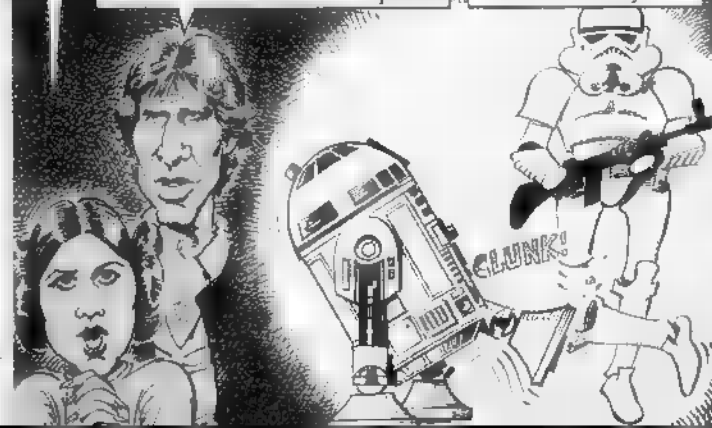
We've got to wipe out the Death Star!

Crazy, I think, is what you are:

Being so greedy is not nice!

I'd sell Chewbacca at half price!

Darth Vader's rough in the Galaxy! He's got the stuff in the Galaxy! You can hang tough in the Galaxy! I've had enough in the Galaxy!



Stay here and fight off the Death Star!

I'm off to Mars, which is quite far!

We'll be attacking them real soon!

Drop me a post card on Nep-tune!

One thing is clear in the Galaxy! Your end is near in the Galaxy! You'll disappear in the Galaxy—While I'm still here in the Galaxy!!



Here I am,
the only
pilot left
who can de-
stroy the
Death Star!
Help me,
Ben . . .

Use the
Force,
Luke!

What
can the
Force
do, Ben??

The Force
knows how
to find the
target, Luke!

What else can
the Force
do, Ben??

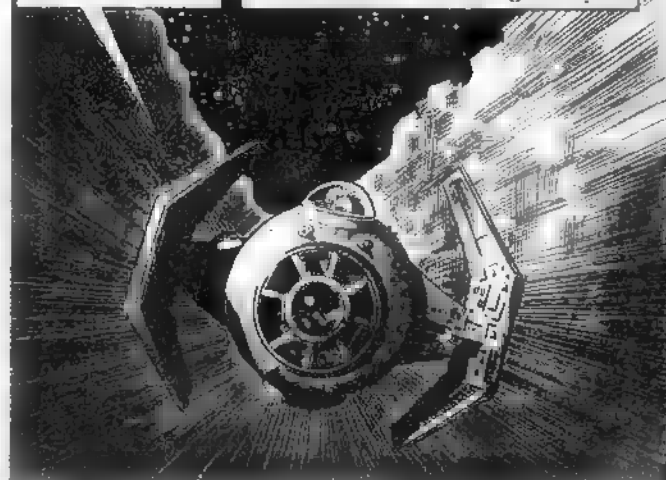
The Force knows
how to hit the
target, Luke!

But what if the
Force lets me
down and misses
the target. Ben?

The
Force
also
knows
how to
cover
up,
Luke!

Okay, Artoo! What
do we do when we
face almost cer-
tain death? What
ELSE?! We sing!!

*We're . . . off to kill the bad guys—
And blow them right out of the sky!
If we should miss
Then you can all kiss
Our buddies back there good-bye!



But you can be certain we'll kill the foe
By striking the blow
That lays them low—
Because, because, because, because—I know
There's only one way we can end this show!

TWEETLE
-BEEP-
TWEETLE
-DE-BO!

We're off to kill
the bad guys—
And blow them
right out of
the sky!



**Sung to the tune of "We're Off To See The Wizard"*

Well, Princess, this is
the end, right? We did it!
We wiped out the Death Star
and made the Galaxy safe
for Democracy! Now, we can
live happily ever after in
peace and freedom! Right?

Wrong, Luke!
This CAN'T be
the end! We're
going to keep on
going, because
we still have
THE FORCE!!



*We've grown accustomed
to the Force
That pulls in people
to this show!
We've grown accustomed
to the gross—
No other show comes close!

We're big! We're hot!
A smash . . .
we've got—
With tons of
money pouring in
From fans who
make our profits grow!

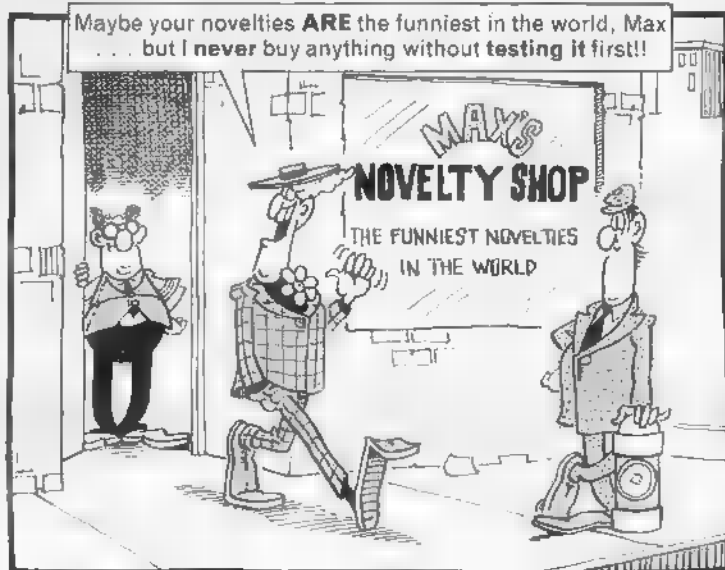
Although we could have
killed Darth Vader,
It was not the
thing to do!
We'll need him in the
future when we
Bring out "Star Wars II"!

We've grown
accustomed
to the clout—
The way we
all made out—
Ac-customed
to the
Force!!



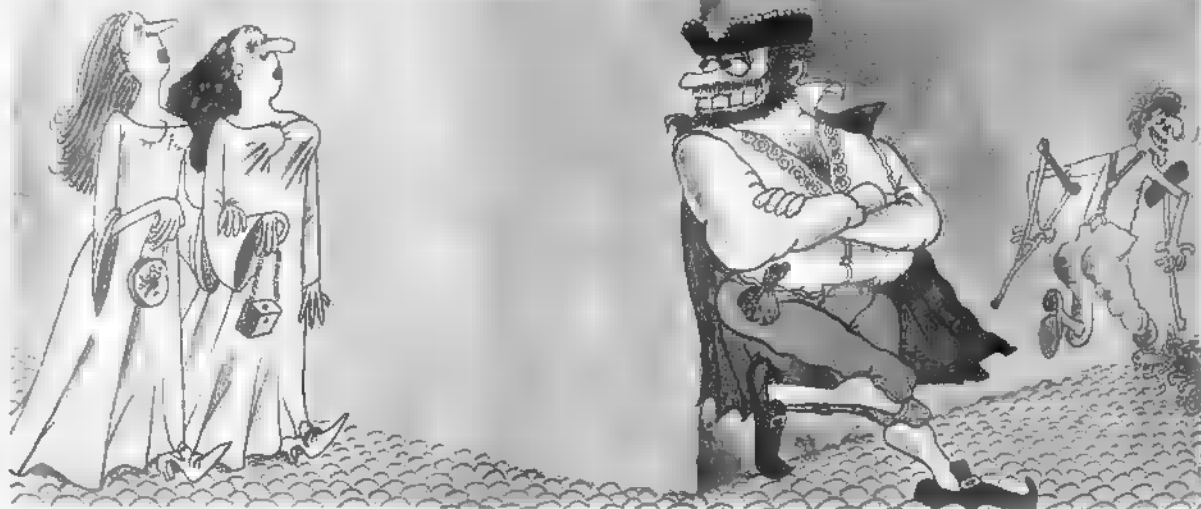
**Sung to the tune of "I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face"*

ONE MORNING AT MAX'S NOVELTY SHOP



HOKEY-FOCUS DEPT.

MORE CANDID MA HISTORICAL



HENRY THE VIII BETWEEN WIVES—OUT GIRL-WATCHING



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE WITH A GRATEFUL PATIENT

AD SNAPSHOTS OF CELEBRITIES

ARTIST & WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES



SIR WALTER RALEIGH BRINGING HIS CLOAK TO THE CLEANERS



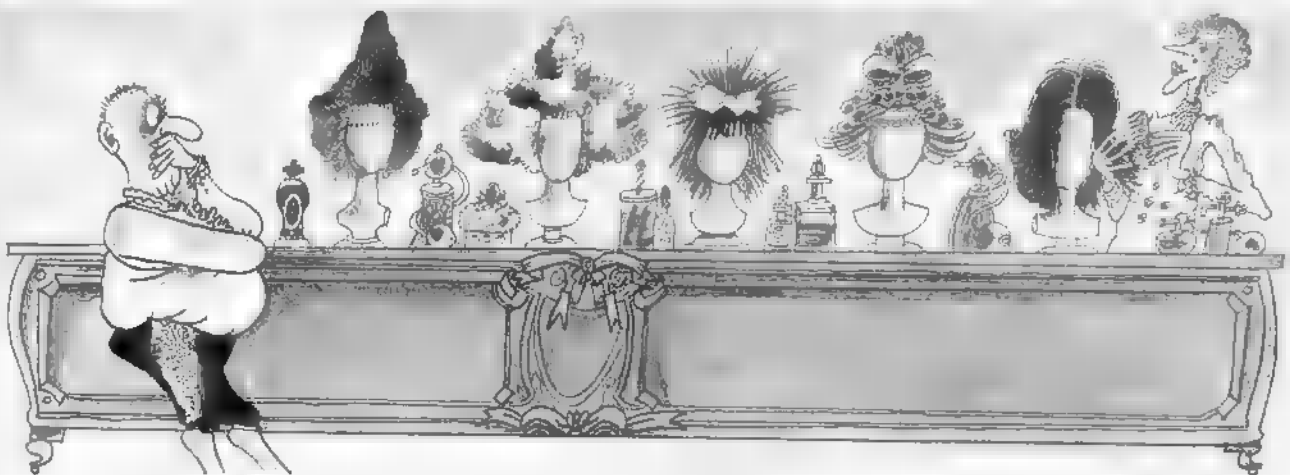
KING DAVID INSPECTING HIS BAR-MITZVAH GIFTS



SALOME, VEIL SHOPPING AT THE LOCAL BAZAAR



PABLO PICASSO TRYING OUT HIS FIRST SET OF CRAYOLAS



LOUIS THE XIV SELECTING A HAIRDO FOR THE DAY



Each year, the Supreme Court hands down new decisions that broaden the First Amendment and increase Freedom of the Press. So by now, you'd assume that high school newspaper editors have the same rights as other Americans. Right? Wrong! The Supreme Court only grants new's freedom to those who publish porno magazines or pamphlets that advocate revolution. Mean-time, high school editors remain shackled by censors known as "Faculty Advisors" who make certain that nothing unfavorable or controversial ever gets printed. Hence, school publi-cations remain untouched by any of the rights provided in the U.S. Constitution, and we here at MAD can only imagine that this is what ■ typical high school weekly would look like

IF FREEDOM OF THE PRESS APPLIED TO HIGH SCHOOL PAPERS

All The News
We're Not Scared
To Print

Annette Funicello Memorial High School WEEKLY MUCKRAKER

This Week's Odds:
A.F.M.H.S. vs.
Ghetto Central
+ 7 1/2 Points

SENIORS MAY STAGE QUEER CLASS PLAY

"Death of a Hair Dresser," an original drama written by Bruce Guy Butchford of Home Room 241 may become this year's A.F.M. H.S. Senior Class Play. Entertainment Chairman Josh Fernsprinkle said he began giving serious consideration to producing Butchford's work this week after Bruce threatened to scratch his eyes out if he didn't.



Although new to play writing, Butchford already is well known on campus for his other odd activities. Currently, he is serving as president of the "Interior Decorating Club," heading the "A.F.M. H.S. Ballet Admirers," and being excused from taking Phys. Ed. for reasons that the faculty refuses to discuss.

Seniors wishing to try out for parts in Bruce's play are invited to call him at home after 6 P.M. on weekdays. His phone number can be found on any men's room wall in the school as you probably already know if you're the type who'd be interested in contacting him.

GRID SQUAD THROWS FINAL GAME, 19-14



Thanks to ■ spectacular last-minute play that presented the opposition with an unearned touchdown, Annette Funicello Memorial lost its final football game of the season to Inner City High last week, 19-14. The weird ending enabled anyone who bet against A.F.M. H.S. to win a bundle.

WORLD WAR II HERO ADDRESSED A.F.M.H.S.

Last Thursday's auditorium program featured an address by Retired Rear Admiral Alfonso Spoonhart entitled, "Keeping Our Supply Lines Open for Victory in World War II." The speech was every bit as boring as the student body had feared it would be.



Quarterback Bronko Himmler, who threw the game-losing lateral, said later that the play was sent in from the bench by Coach Bullwhip Brashley. "The Coach didn't specifically tell me to pass to the other team," Himmler stated, "But I saw him wink at me, so I knew he had a bet on Inner City and wanted me to throw the game."

The personable Himmler insisted that he wasn't revealing his secret to get the Coach into trouble. He said he only wanted visiting college recruiters to know that he wouldn't throw a dumb interception on a crucial play unless he had received orders from the bench to do so.

GRADUATION WILL COST A BUNDLE THIS YEAR

Assistant Principal Herod Loblolly has announced that participation in this year's Commencement Exercises will bury each senior under a record \$52 burden of debt.



In unveiling plans for the June event, Mr. Loblolly naturally played down the exorbitant cost, and prattled chiefly about pride, achievement and other meaningless aspects of graduation. However, as your Weekly Hangar correspondent quickly noted, the snow job was designed to distract attention from the newly hiked \$12 fee for graduation gown rental, a mandatory \$10 charge for the dull Yearbook and a mysterious \$30 catch-all for "diploma printing and miscellaneous."

The Weekly Muckraker is currently investigating rumors that Mr. Loblolly or his cronies may have relatives in the gown rental and diploma writing businesses.

BIG BUDDIES COLLECT FOR THE LESS FORTUNATE —THEMSELVES

The A.F.M.H.S. Big Buddies Club, composed of upperclassmen with high scholastic and athletic records, will collect donations during the coming semester for the benefit of the less fortunate. As in previous years, club members probably will pocket all cash turned in after naming themselves the less fortunate.

Other students are urged to display their great affection for these insufferable Brains and Jocks by taking their donations to the west end of the cafeteria during Home Room Period. The gifts will be accepted at the same booth used last Christmas by the Big Buddies for selling chances on a turkey that they never gave away.

DIRTY ESSAY NETS FRESHMAN \$2,000 PRIZE

Talented Underclassman Ferdie Muncreep revealed this week that a national magazine has awarded him \$2,000 for a Freshman English composition that was given an "F" by Miss Nussbaum because she considered it "inappropriate for a 14-year-old."



Essay Winner Ferdie Muncreep

Beer Consumption Continues To Rise

Figures just released by Mr. Rudy Shiffkin, popular six-pack salesman at the nearby Campus View Liquor Store, indicate that beer consumption among A.F.M.H.S. students continued to rise last month.

"I did my biggest dollar volume in history," Mr. Shiffkin beamed, "And speaking strictly off the record, most of the beer was sold to under-age kids from the high school."

Mr. Shiffkin said that students seem to favor the less expensive brands, such as Cheapo Brew and Green Pilsener. In addition, he estimates that 40 per-cent of all A.F.M.H.S.ers occasionally drink even worse beer than they make themselves in the Chemistry Lab.

OFFICERS ELECTED

Members of the A.F.M.H.S. Chapter of Unwed Mothers Anonymous elected new officers at their latest weekly meeting. Those voted into top posts in the hush-hush organization include: President: Pamela Whortle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar C. Whortle; Vice-President: Pearl Sue Aakvaak, daughter of Reverend and Mrs. Lothar Aakvaak, and Secretary: Ruth Lu Pugh, daughter of Miss Gertrude Pugh and some jazz drummer from Cincinnati whose name she can't remember.

"It is to laugh," Ferdie chuckled to your Weekly Muckraker reporter as he displayed his treasured check from *Hot Stuff Magazine*. "Old Lady Nussbaum got a burr under her saddle after she told us to write a theme called 'How I Spent My Summer Vacation,' and I gave her the unvarnished story of how I spent mine. After I got an 'F' for shocking the earmuffs off her, I just changed the title to 'How I Spent My Summer Among Lust Crazy Teeny Boppers,' and sent it to *Hot Stuff Magazine*."

Hot Stuff's lawyers have notified Ferdie that the real names of the girls in his story will not be used for fear of legal complications. However, A.F.M.H.S.ers will immediately recognize the featured characters as Bubbles Durfman, Venus Oberholtzer and Boom-Boom Von Wiltgen.

Student Placement Center Offers Sweat Shop Jobs

A.F.M.H.S. Vocational Counselor Sherman Legree revealed this week that the Student Placement Center has almost 100 available part-time jobs listed for needy job-seekers. What Mr. Legree failed to reveal is the fact that local merchants obviously are turning to the high schools as a source of cheap labor, now that the flow of illegal aliens has been curtailed.



Any student anxious to accept slave wages in exchange for the golden hours of his youth is invited to contact Mr. Legree in Room 308. But before you do anything that dumb, be advised that the Placement Center is searching primarily for car wash slosers, chicken pluckers, greasy pan scrubbers and experienced handbill passers.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

The Need For Adequate Vandalism

The Weekly Muckraker is frankly shocked at the half-hearted approach to vandalism taken by those who set fire to the Physics Lab last Thursday night. The puny blaze fell short of being a stern warning to A.F.M.H.S. administrators who recently banned beer on school property and started cracking down on truants who are absent for more than a semester.

The administration obviously acted with disregard for the rights of the student body, and it is disheartening to see vandals respond with a measly one-room fire that caused only \$5,000 damage. In the late sixties, when

our older brothers and sisters relied heavily on wanton destruction to vent their anger, the Establishment would have been severely punished for such a flagrant attempt to infringe upon students' freedom. In that era, fire bombings wreaked havoc that the entire student body could point to with pride.

Today's punks are a disgrace to the proud traditions of vandalism. We urge them to strike again and inflict a student "punishment" more befitting the administration's "crimes." Isn't blowing up the whole North Wing a more forceful way for angry vandals to make themselves heard? Of course it is!

This Week On The Police Blotter

A.F.M.H.S. students who figured prominently in events at 48th Precinct Headquarters this week included the following:



Glen "Swiftly" Neebling of Home Room 139, charged with failing to have a logical explanation for wearing brass knuckles to the Sophomore Hop.

Nine members of the Velvet Dudes Social Club, accused of unprovoked attack on the Future Farmers of America during a private chicken show.

Natalie Hlitvok of Home Room 316, caught in the act of trying to use a credit card belonging to an unidentified businessman who had been robbed in an alley near Fifth Street earlier in the evening.

Wilfred "Willie the Wallflower" Crumsocker of Home Room 229, booked for running amuk and strangling 17 goldfish in the pool next to City Hall.

Harlow Grunsmute of Home Room 104, held for questioning after running a red light while driving 97 miles an hour in the wrong direction on a one-way street at the wheel of a stolen car containing uncut heroin.

SOCIAL SCOOP

by Barbie Blattnoy

Word comes from Trishie Kluder that Mr. Parchway of the English Dept. isn't the old fud we've all assumed. "Inside, he's a seething inferno," whispers Trish, following a series of late night tutoring sessions at the Parchway pad. . . Mrs. Glunhobing of the Home Ec. staff naively told Yours Truly that she and her hubby have been accepted for membership in the North Suburban Literary Society. Doesn't the poor dear know that the outfit reportedly is a wife swapping club?!



. . . Wonder if Dot Trimble will spend the whole semester studying in Switzerland as her parents say, or if she'll only hide there until after her baby is born. . . Could the latest "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" registering at the Shady Rest Motel really be Mr. Jockworthy of Phys. Ed. and Miss Cienfuegos of Conversational Spanish? . . . Don't expect to see much of Mr. Wamsigans in his Math classes this year. Reports are that he's been tagged with his third reckless driving citation, and is slammer-bound. . . Until next week, ta-ta from Barbie.

MEET THE FACULTY

Fear of Business

World Led Mr.

Hunkle to Teaching

by Adam Trese

This week, your Inquiring Reporter visited the Math Department for an interview with Mr. Cloyd Hunkle, one of the many A.F.M.H.S. teachers capable of making algebra seem even duller than it really is.

"I began teaching at Annette Funicello Memorial 33 years ago when the school was still located over on that street I've forgotten the name of," Mr. Hunkle began in his familiar rambling monotone. "I wouldn't want you to print this," he added slyly, "But I think an academic career offers more security with less pressure than working in industry."



With this virtual admission that teachers are seldom fired for incompetence, Mr. Hunkle went on to list his most memorable achievements at A.F.M.H.S.: the day he took part in his 500th fire drill; the lunch hour when he was mistakenly given an extra dollar by the cafeteria cashier, and one morning in 1957 when a student noticed that he was wearing a new tie.

Ending the interview on a sad note, Mr. Hunkle said that he doesn't plan to retire until 1985, which means that none of us now in school will be able to avoid his classes.

Do You Remember...

...THIS WEEK IN 1976, when the State Legislature legalized abortions, and 36 Annette Funicello Memorial coeds immediately phoned in suffering from a "mystery virus?"

...THIS WEEK IN 1975, when the faculty was secretly assessed \$10 a head to free Grid Captain Studs Gruber from a shoplifting rap.

...THIS WEEK IN 1974, when today's Seniors were such green Freshmen that we didn't even know why Chief Custodian Kivvere is often seen in the halls wearing a long raincoat?

CALENDAR OF NEXT WEEK'S EVENTS

MONDAY

Members of the Black Caucus will beat up on a Chicano sissy yet to be selected. South Bicycle Racks. 3:30 P.M.

TUESDAY

Home Room Representatives will place genuine Senior Prom tickets on sale. Price: \$10 per couple.

Members of the Silky Knights will place counterfeit Senior Prom tickets on sale. Price: \$5 per couple.

WEDNESDAY

Intra-mural Locker Thefts. Various locations. All day.

THURSDAY

Singing Sidney, the Happy Dust Man, will be doing business at the North Gate. 4:15 P.M. (Special discount for those presenting Student I.D. Cards.)

FRIDAY

Sub-Debs' Formal Dance. Costly Hills Country Club. 8:30 P.M. (If under 18, bring your own jug.)

SADISM CHARGES LEVELED AT GOLF COACH NIBLICK

by Tubby Fluter
Investigative Sports Reporter

Annette Funicello Memorial Golf Coach Arnold (Woody) Niblick was accused this week of gleefully using sadistic training methods to whip his exhausted team into shape for the coming season. One member of the squad, who asked to remain anonymous, said that Coach Niblick had employed his most inhuman brutality on golfers who reported for opening work-outs a few pounds overweight.

"He's got us heavier guys doing calisthenics and all that junk," the mystery figure stated. "When I complained, he just snickered and told me to do more push-ups. I think he enjoys seeing talented young athletes like me suffer."

Coach Niblick probably would have had no answer to the brutality charge, even if we had asked him for one.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This is Tubby Fluter's last golfing report for the Weekly Muckraker, due to the fact that he has been unexpectedly cut from the team.)

COACH BLAMES "GUTLESS CAGERS" FOR 71-23 LOSS

After alerting reporters that his post-game comments would be strictly off the record and not for publication, Annette Funicello Memorial Basketball Coach Wiley Hacker proceeded to denounce his squad as "a bunch of gutless quitters who just lay down and died against Tabernacle Tech."

Coach Hacker was referring to last Friday's season opener in which A.F.M.H.S. was outpointed 66-4 in the last three periods to fall behind and lose, 71-23. Giving his views to the press in what he called "strictest confidence," Coach Hacker charged that this year's A.F.M.H.S. quintet is composed exclusively of "lily livered pansies who want to make my talented coaching methods look bad."

The coach indicated that he is especially upset about the Tabernacle Tech game because of the pressure that has been put on him to produce a winner this season.

WELCOME BACK, SICKOS!

Annette Funicello Memorial students were delighted this week to welcome back two popular faculty members who have been out on extended sick leave.

Mr. Roscoe Boonschaft of the Civics Dept. looked healthier and sounded more coherent following his lengthy recuperation in the Municipal Drunk Tank.

Also back after a long absence is Miss Robin James of Romance Languages. Miss James is better remembered by most A.F.M.H.S.ers as being Mr. James Robins prior to her extensive surgery.

UNDER 18?

THEN DO YOUR PORNO SHOPPING AT THE NUDIE CUTIE ADULT BOOK STORE

We never embarrass juvenile customers by asking for proof of age. In fact, our cozy little shop is the only one in town where high school kids are always welcome, assuming, of course, they bring money!



EDUCATIONAL MAGAZINES

\$4.75 & UP

HELPFUL INSTRUCTION BOOKS

UNDER \$15

MOVIE ARCADE FEATURES

25¢ PER MINUTE

1327 BLECCHER AVE. NEXT DOOR
TO THE WHOOPEE THEATRE

CHEERLEADER TRYOUTS

Sophomore and Junior girls who wish to become Varsity cheerleaders will have a rare opportunity to display their talent after school next Friday. Selected A.F.M.H.S. officials will hold cheerleader tryouts between 9 and 11 P.M. in the Upstairs Smoking Room of the Sons of Gomorra Lodge Hall. Dress for tryouts is optional.

"FOUR EYES" FENGERMAN YOUR BEST SOURCE OF PHONY I.D. CARDS



Why run the risk of hiring a shady outsider to do your document doctoring when there is a shady student like "Four Eyes" conveniently located among you downstairs in Home Room 218?!

SPECIALIZING IN

- OUT-OF-STATE DRIVERS' LICENSES
- RE-DATED BIRTH CERTIFICATES
- AUTHENTIC LOOKING ARMY DISCHARGES

FAKES ■ FENGERMAN

For a free work estimate, see me under the North Stairway any afternoon between 3:30 and 4:15



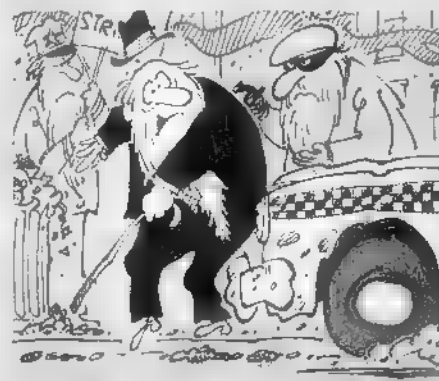
During the past few winters, weathermen have been adding insult to injury by not only telling us how cold Π is, but also informing us of the "chill factor" ... which is the equivalent thermometer temperature—plus—the wind velocity. But why stop there? Why not devise other "factors" that apply not just to the weather, but to year-round "human" conditions? We'll show you what we mean with

EASILY-COMPUTED HUMAN FACTORS

Your...
MASOCHISM =
FACTOR



... the number of problems you face
each day living in a big city ...

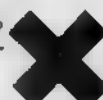


... the number of years you insist
upon remaining in that big city.

Your...
GULLIBILITY =
FACTOR



... your confidence in politicians
and campaign promises they make ...



...the number of promises that they
actually keep after they're elected.

Your... SELF- DECEPTION FACTOR

=



... the number of Paul Newman and Robert Redford movies you see ...

+



... the degree to which you fancy yourself similar to either of them.

Your... INFATUATION FACTOR

=



... the ease with which you overlook your new girlfriend's skin condition

+



... her ability to disregard your certified repulsive personality.

Your... NAIVETÉ FACTOR

=



... your trust in the oil companies that announced a critical gasoline shortage just a few years ago ...

×



... the amount of gas which appeared miraculously when the price doubled.

Your... HORNINESS FACTOR

=



... the number of cold, hands-off, unaffectionate girls you date ...

+



... the number of sexy "Charlie's Angels" episodes you watch on TV.

**Your...
LAZINESS
FACTOR =**



...the amount of work you avoid...



... the amount of work you do in order to avoid the work you avoid.

**Your...
HUMILIATION
FACTOR =**



... the amount of bragging you do to your girlfriends about which football player will take you to the prom ...



... the lowly social status of the "loser" you actually show up with.

**Your...
CURIOSITY
FACTOR =**



... the number of times that your husband works late at the office ...



... the number of lipstick stains that you find on his shirt collars.

**Your...
STUPIDITY
FACTOR =**



... the number of times you've read the surgeon general's warning on the daily pack of cigarettes you smoke ...



... the time it takes your smoker's hack to subside in the early morning.

Hey, Mister, did you happen to see a Policeman anywhere around this neighborhood?

No, I didn't ...!

Ain't that the way it always is?!? Whenever you need a Cop, there's never one around!!

Are you **SURE** you didn't see any Cops anywhere?!?

Absolutely ...!

Okay, then hand over all your money!!

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

RI

Is that **YOU?!?** Harry Glick?!? The boy chosen "most likely to succeed"! And here you are ... just panhandling?

Don't put it down! I make over a hundred bucks a day!

That's nice money! But it doesn't compensate for the loss of your sight!

What are you talking about? I have 20/20 vision!

Then you're a complete and total **FRAUD!!**

I am not!

But that sign says "**BLIND**"!

So?! It's the **DOG** that doesn't see so good!!



Are you the Teller who was just robbed...?

Yes! And it's the third time it's happened to me this month!!

By the same bank robber?

Now that you mention it, I do believe it WAS!!

Then why didn't you push the Silent Alarm the minute you saw him again?

I just didn't recognize him!

How could that be??

Each time, he was **BETTER DRESSED!!**



P-OFFS

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG

The prices of houses are constantly going up, and the Real Estate people are responsible for it! They're artificially driving the prices up!



I was in the market for a \$50,000 house, and the Real Estate dealers showed me around! But I couldn't find anything I liked! So—



After a couple of fruitless months, I decided to look at \$75,000 houses!!



They showed me the same houses they showed me the first time around!!



You are charged with breaking parking meters and stealing the money! How do you plead?

I'm innocent, Your Honor!

The Arresting Officer claims there is enough circumstantial evidence to prove your guilt!

Honest!! I didn't do it!!

I am convinced the Officer is correct! I find you ... "Guilty" ... and fine you \$100! Pay the Bailiff ...

Yes, Your Honor ...

Uh ... will he take a hundred bucks in nickels and dimes??



It says here that there are many fuels that can run our cars other than gasoline ... but that they're somehow kept off the market!!

It's those International Oil Companies! They're bleeding us dry! And they keep raising the price of oil! It's the biggest rip-off in the history of Man!

The amount of money they're making is OBSCENE!

So what are you going to do about it?

I'm gonna find out how I can get a piece of the action!!



Look at this bill! The Waiter added an extra \$3.00! He was hoping that we wouldn't check up on him!

Waiter!! There seems to be an error on this check!!

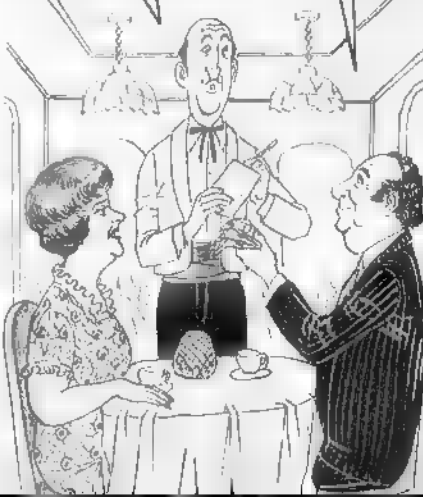
Please forgive me, Sir! I was never very good at addition!

I guess it was an honest mistake! Here's the money! Keep the change!

I beg your pardon, Sir ... but the tip you've given me is less than the usual 15 percent!

I thought you said you were BAD at addition!

I AM!! But I'm a WHIZ at PERCENTAGES!!



Have you noticed? Every month at this time, when we Senior Citizens receive our Social Security checks, this Super-market raises its prices?!

You know, you're right!



And here's another rip-off! You know the "Dented Cans" section, where we get damaged canned goods cheap? Well, because it's this time of month, they took THAT away, too!

Oh... really...??



CRASH!



NO, THEY DIDN'T!!



Excuse me, Sir! You seem to be lost! Can I help you?

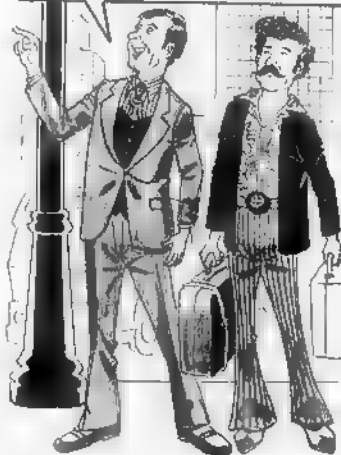
I jus' come dis country! I no know where very important places iss! You know???

Ah, yes! The Statue of Liberty is in the bay, off the southern tip of Manhattan! The World Trade Center Buildings are way downtown! The U.N. Buildings are over on the East Side...

The Empire State Building is on 34th Street; And Lincoln Center is on the West Side—

No-no! You no un'erstan'!

Where iss WELFARE OFFICE?



I was at my Automobile Dealer, getting an estimate on a repair job, Doctor... and about the time he started to quote me prices, I began to feel woozy!

Then I suddenly realized that if I were to replace every part in my \$4000 car at the prices he quoted me, it would cost \$20,000! That's when I began to feel really rotten!

So they brought me to you! Tell me, Doc! What's wrong with me?

It has a long Latin name... but in simple English...

You're CAR SICK!!



Now, what about the McGilla case ... ?

We won't have to operate! It's not serious!

By the way! Did you know that our X-Ray machine is broken? We need a new one!

No, I didn't! In that case we **SHOULD** operate ... !

But you said it wasn't serious!!

We're dealing with a large fee here ...

... and running a medical practice without an X-Ray machine is **VERY SERIOUS!**



I heard you had an accident! How are you doing?

I'm not sure!

What do you mean, you're not sure?!

I had **TWO PROFESSIONAL OPINIONS**, but they disagree!

Really? What **WERE** the two professional opinions ... ?

Well, my regular Doctor said I was in perfect health ...

... but my **LAWYER** said I had **WHIPLASH!**



You know what?! This doesn't look like your umbrella! You'd better take it back!

No ... this one is mine!

It's the same make! I recognized the shape of the handle ... and the spring-button-release ... and the extra-heavy ribs and shaft!

Besides, **THIS** one is in a lot better condition!!



David Berg

There are a lot of changes going on in the automobile industry these days. Unfortunately, Detroit's advertising hypes remain pretty much the same—as lavish and exaggerated as ever. Let's take a look at a typical new car ad:

EXPERIENCE THE RIDING COMFORT, THE LUXURIOUS APPOINTMENTS, THE STUNNING STYLING AND THE ECONOMICAL PRICE OF THE NEW

1979 FINSTER FIREBURNER

Including These Fabulous Standard Features

- POWER BRAKES: STOP CAR GOING 60 IN 30 FEET
- GETS 35 MILES PER GALLON ON THE ROAD
- GETS 24 MILES PER GALLON IN THE CITY
- GOES FROM 0 TO 60 MPH ■ 10 SECONDS
- 15,000 MILE FREE SERVICE GUARANTEE
- MEETS GOV'T. POLLUTION STANDARDS
- RIDES SIX IN LUXURIOUS COMFORT
- TREMENDOUS LUGGAGE SPACE
- INTERIOR CLIMATE CONTROL
- INTERIOR SOUND SYSTEM
- CITIZEN-BAND RADIO
- RUBBER BUMPERS



Sounds great, huh? The problem is, you can't drive the ad! Now, let's see

HOW TO READ A NEW CAR AD

● **POWER BRAKES: STOP CAR GOING 60 IN 30 FEET**



Unfortunately, they can only stop the driver in 40 feet!

● 15,000 MILE FREE SERVICE GUARANTEE



You'll use most of those 15,000 miles going back and forth to the Dealer's shop to replace the parts that don't work!

● INTERIOR SOUND SYSTEM {



Unfortunately, most of the interior sound is engine noise.

● GETS 35 MILES PER GALLON ON THE ROAD &



Sure, if it's the road down from Pike's Peak, and you coast.

● MEETS GOV'T. POLLUTION STANDARDS



Standing in the showroom, yes! But just start the engine!

● **TREMENDOUS LUGGAGE SPACE** {



If you include the back seat after you fill up the trunk.

● GETS 24 MILES PER GALLON IN THE CITY



If you shift to neutral and let the traffic push you along.

● RIDES SIX IN LUXURIOUS COMFORT



That's true . . . if the six happen to be luxurious midgets.

● CITIZEN-BAND RADIO



You can use it to chew out the salesman who sold you this "lemon" while you're waiting for the tow truck to arrive.

● GOES FROM 0 TO 60 MPH IN 10 SECONDS



That's right . . . if you push this hunk of junk off a cliff.

● INTERIOR CLIMATE CONTROL



The windows have handles inside which raise and lower them!

● RUBBER BUMPERS



These are just great, if you happen to have a rubber back.

A MAD LOOK AT THE "CLOROX" COMMERCIAL

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

I'll give you twenty dollars for that pair of pants . . .

Sure! I know! You're gonna cut 'em in half and wash half in my regular detergent, and the other half in my regular detergent plus Clorox, huh?



No, I'm gonna throw 'em away . . . after I remove the wallet with the fifty bucks in ■ that I spotted— which your Husband obviously left in the back pocket!

PLEASE CURB YOUR DOG

NOTICE

- WASH YOUR HANDS
- NEVER USE WATER
- WASH YOUR FACE
- BE CAREFUL



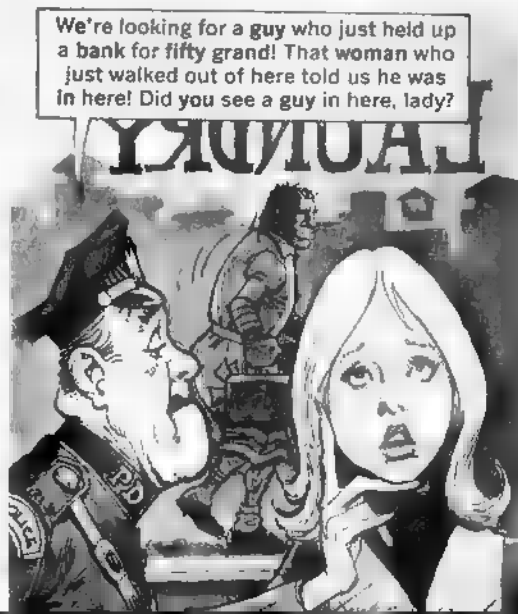
I'll give you fifty dollars for that absolutely divine frock!

Huh . . . ? Okay, sure!

Oh, I know what this ■ all about! You're going to cut my dress in two, and wash one half in my regular detergent plus Clorox . . . and one half—

Don't be silly! I wouldn't dare cut anything this yummy in two! I'm going to wear it home!





SIC TRANSIT GLORIOUSLY DEPT.

Nowadays, Travel Agencies are packaging all kinds of tours for all kinds of people with all kinds of special interests, all designed to help them relax, leave their tensions behind and have a good time. But that doesn't make any sense. People work hard their whole lives developing their tensions, mainly in the form of their neuroses! Why should they want to give them up? The truth is...most people prefer to carry their neuroses with them! So why not design tours specifically for them? Here we go again with another of

THE MAD TRAVEL AGENCY'S SPECIALIZED TOURS FOR YOU AND YOUR NEUROSIS



**THIS ISSUE:
A SEVEN DAY TOUR OF
ISRAEL
FOR THE
GUILT-RIDDEN**

ARTIST: HARRY NORTH, ESQ.
WRITER: STAN HART

DAY 1

You depart from Kennedy Airport, N.Y. and immediately feel terrible about all the poor and disadvantaged people who are forced to remain behind in Fear City. Because you're traveling at Tour-Group-Rates, you're suddenly concerned that, by not paying full fare, you're responsible for putting some airline employees out of work, thereby bringing on another recession. On the flight over the Atlantic, you'll have plenty of time to ask yourself what you've done to deserve such a wonderful vacation (Especially since the Cleaning Girl at the office works much harder than you, and she can't even afford to go crosstown on the bus!). You'll be assigned a window seat, so if you must go to the bathroom in the middle of the night, you'll have to disturb your sleeping neighbors and you can feel absolutely awful about that. The food aloft isn't all that good, but you'll eat every morsel, remembering that there are millions of people in the world who are starving.

DAY 2 & 3



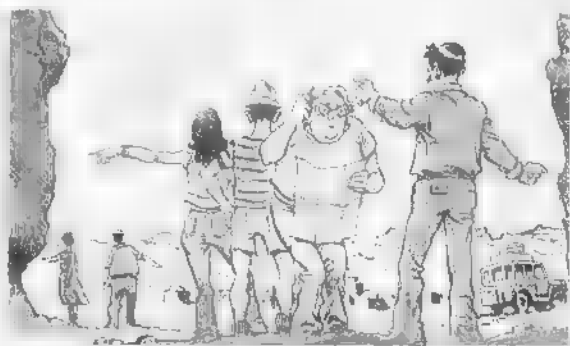
Due to heavy air traffic, your flight will not arrive at Tel Aviv on time, but you'll feel that this is only fair because when you were 5 years old, you were once late for dinner and kept your poor Mother waiting. You'll also be able to feel guilty about causing the other passengers this inconvenience just because you were a rotten kid. You'll have a typical Israeli breakfast and experience disturbing feelings because you usually have bacon and eggs at home. In the afternoon, you'll shop in modern Tel Aviv and become aware that it is an all-Jewish city, making you feel terrible that none of your best friends are Jewish. (If you already *are* Jewish, you'll feel terrible that none of your best friends are Jewish *enough*!) The next day, you'll travel to Jaffa where Jonah embarked upon his famous voyage, reminding you that you never sent a check to that ecology group trying to preserve the endangered sperm whale (Their extinction will now be upon your head!).

DAY 4



You are transported to Mt. Beatitudes, where Jesus preached, and you'll recall the time you hit your thumb with a hammer and used His name in vain. You'll see the spot where Jesus chose his Twelve Apostles, and realize that He would never have chosen you, considering all the depraved things you've done in your life (like trying to re-use partially-cancelled postage stamps, or finding a dime on the street and not reporting it to the authorities). Your Israeli Guide will try to make your bus trips more interesting by telling you about the accomplishments of co-religionists like Albert Einstein, Sigmund Freud and Jonas Salk, and you'll feel absolutely awful when you can't stop thinking about other co-religionists like Louis Lepke, Bugsy Siegel and Mickey Cohen.

DAY 5



You'll visit Cana, where Christ performed the miracle of turning water into wine, and you'll loathe yourself for wondering if anyone examined His sleeves before He did it. You'll travel through villages whose names are immortalized in the Bible, and feel positively sick when you realize that the last time you had a Bible in your hands was when you leaned on the hotel Bible to write postcards to the kids back home. When you arrive in Jerusalem, you'll visit Mt. Moriah where Abraham almost sacrificed his son, and you'll wonder if he felt as guilty as you do when you want to strangle your lousy kids.

DAY 6



Today, you will visit the Wailing Wall where hundreds of pious Jews are sobbing, and you'll be concerned that maybe it was something you said. From there, you'll travel to Bethlehem where Jesus was born, and you'll have a chance to feel totally contemptible because you know that if you'd been around at the time, you would have tried to spend as little as possible on a baby gift for Mary and the Youngster. Then you'll take a bus to the Dead Sea, the lowest spot on Earth...but not as low as you feel because, by this time you can't remember a single one of the thousands of names, dates and facts your Guide has told you. Was *Joshua* the brother of *Abraham*? Was *Moses* the uncle of *John The Baptist*? Was *Shadrach*, *Meshach* and *Abednego* the Israeli names for *The Three Stooges*?

DAY 7



In the morning, you'll visit the oasis where King Saul first met the shepherd, David, and you'll hate yourself for wondering why Saul was so attracted to David, and why David was so attracted to his sheep. You'll visit The Church Of All Nations and see Christians, Moslems and Jews living together peacefully, and you'll feel like a total failure for never succeeding in getting your Son and Daughter together for five minutes without all that spitting and the fighting. That afternoon, you'll board your jet for your flight home, feeling as guilty about leaving Israel as you felt about arriving in Israel.

NEXT : THE HOSTILE PERSON'S 3-DAY TOUR OF NEW YORK

IF
SESAME STREET
 BRANCHED OUT
 INTO
 SPECIALIZED
 AVENUES
 OF EDUCATION

MAFIA STREET

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Push-ing drugs—
 Filling some
 Creep with slugs—
 Goons and thugs,
 And the hide-outs where boss-es meet—

These are things...we've...got...right...here—
 Got right here
 On Mafia Street!



Hey, Bert, let's see
 how many parts of the
 body we can use in a
 conversation

Okay, Ernie! Remember
 when I had my EYE
 on a new Cadillac?

Yeah! I gave
 you a helping
 HAND and loaned
 you ten grand!

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ0123456789



Let's play
 the
 "Take-Away
 Game,"
 Oscar!

How do
 you
 play
 it?

Would you
 say this
 garbage can
 is YOURS?

Why,
 sure
 it
 is!

I'm going to take
 away the Y from
 YOURS! Now
 the garbage can
 is OURS!

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ0123456789



Hey, Mr. Hooper, would you like to see
 the difference between UP and DOWN?

Sure,
 Big Bird!

Well, here's the 10 grand, 'cause I'm paying you **BACK!**

Swell, Bert, except I'm a loanshark and you now owe me a grand interest!

Wait a minute, Ernie! There aren't any parts of the body in what you said!

Then how's this? If you don't pay through the **NOSE**, I'll break your **ARM!**

That's much better, Ernie!

I strongly suggest that you call me **Don Ernie, Bert!**



789ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ0123456789ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

Hey, you're musclin' in on my territory, and I've got **CLOUT!**

Well, I'm gonna take away the **CL** from your **CLOUT**... which means you're **OUT!**

Sez you! I'm takin' back my garbage can, 'cause I'm **TOUGH!**



Oh, yeah? When my boys finish workin' you over, they'll take away the **TO** from **TOUGH**, and what'll you be left with?

UGH!



789ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ0123456789ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

Okay—starting now you are gonna pay me **\$500** a week for protection!

What?!? You're crazy I won't do such a thing!

Ya see—I just shook you **UP!**



But you're still gonna pay me the **\$500** or I'll bust up your store and pour acid all over your merchandise!

Okay, Okay! I'll pay!

There—y'see? I just shook you **DOWN!**

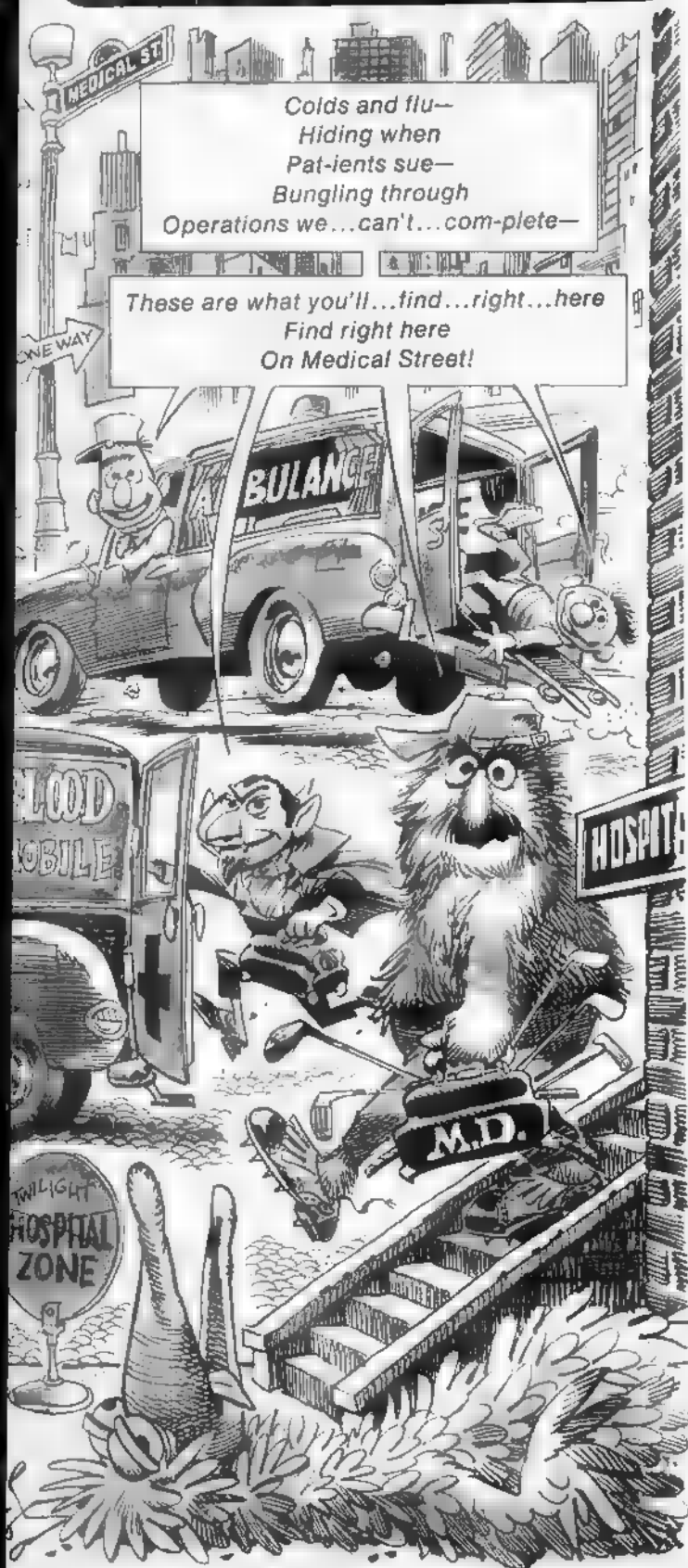


This part of Mafia Street has been brought to you by the rackets "Hi-Jacking" and "Strong Arming" and by the sentence of "10 to 20 Years at Hard Labor—Suspended!"

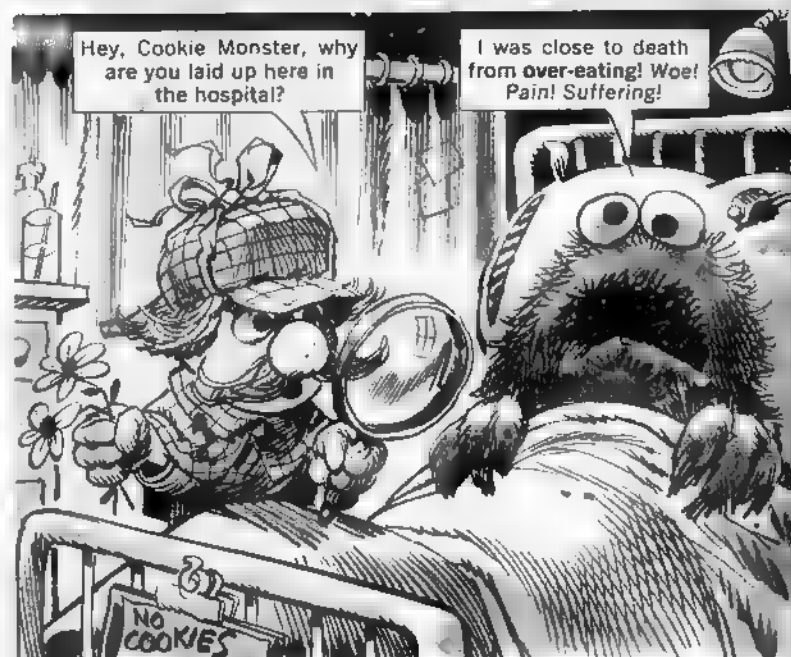
MEDICAL STREET

Colds and flu—
Hiding when
Pat-i-ents sue—
Bungling through
Operations we...can't...com-plete—

These are what you'll...find...right...here
Find right here
On Medical Street!

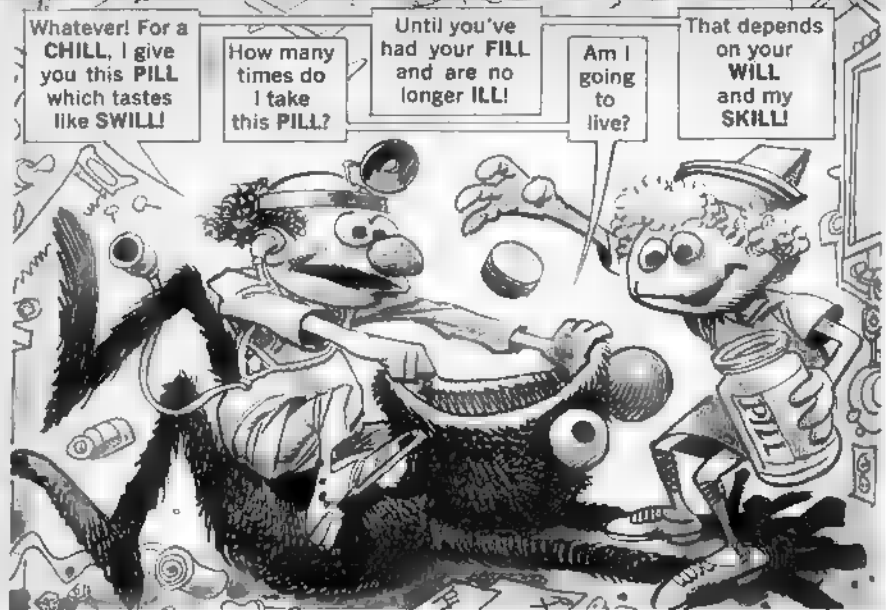


ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ012345



ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ012345





Whatever! For a **CHILL**, I give you this **PILL** which tastes like **SWILL**!

How many times do I take this **PILL**?

Until you've had your **FILL** and are no longer **ILL**!

Am I going to live?

That depends on your **WILL** and my **SKILL**!



Doctor, he's dead of shock and is lying **STILL**! Was it the **PILL** for his **CHILL** or your lack of **SKILL**?

Neither! I presented him with my **BILL**!

6789ABCDEFGHIJKLMN OPQRSTUVWXYZ 0123456789ABCDEFGHIJKLMN OPQRSTUVWXYZ



I can certainly understand that! The way you eat cookies, pastry, ice cream, microphones, backdrops—everything in sight! How's your condition now?

After four days of hospital food, my condition is completely changed!



You mean you're no longer close to death from over-eating?

That is right! I am now close to death from malnutrition! Woe! Grief! Suffering!

6789ABCDEFGHIJKLMN OPQRSTUVWXYZ 0123456789ABCDEFGHIJKLMN OPQRSTUVWXYZ



Is it serious, Doc?

Darn right it is!

What is it? Fractures? Loss of yolk?

Worse! He's not covered! No Blue Cross, no Major Medical, no nothing!



What are you going to do?

Do? Nothing! I wouldn't touch the deadbeat! So long, Froggie, I'm late for a golf-date!

This portion of Medical Street has been brought to you by the symptoms of "Post-Nasal Drip" and "Swollen Glands"...

And the ailments "Berl-Berl" and "Malaria"!

ATHLETE STREET

Bust-ed knees—
Screaming at
Ref-er-ees—
A-gents' fees—
And those passes dropped in-complete—

These are what you'll find right here,
Find right here
On Ath-lete Street!



I am
depressed!
There is
nothing
to count!
And
counting is
my life!

Sure there is,
Count! Tell me
how many
successful
athletes are
standing over
there!

I do
not see
■ny
athletes!
I see first
of all ■
policeman!

He's
really a
running back
for the
Bears who's
making a
crime movie
in Hollywood!



ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ01234

Grover, let's play "Tops and Bottoms!" Here
are the faces of three athletes! Can you
tell me which tops go with which bottoms?



ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ01234

Ernie, how do
I become a
GOOD baseball
player?

First, you
have to be
BAD!

How can you
be BAD and
wind up GOOD?

Fight with your
teammates and
bad-mouth your
manager!



That makes **ONE** athlete! Then I see a country singer with a guitar!

He's really a shortstop with the Dodgers who's guest-starring on the Donny and Marie Show!

That makes **TWO** athletes! Then I see a man shaving!

He's really an Olympic Gold Medalist doing a Gillette Foamy commercial!



And then I see an astronaut!

He's really a basketball player for the Knicks, who's ...

STOP! When do I get to count athletes who look like athletes—and not guys on the make for a fast buck?

Sorry, Count, you're 20 years too late!



789ABCDEFGHIJKLMN0PQRSTUVWXYZ0123456789ABCDEFGHIJKLMN0PQRSTUVWXYZ

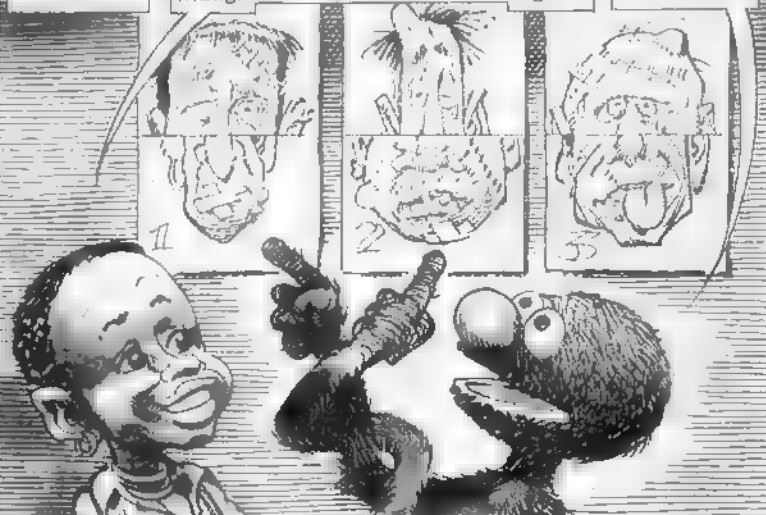
Er—Number 1 top goes with Number 3 bottom!

You are wrong!

Hmm. Number 3 top goes with Number 2 bottom!

Uh-uh! Try again!

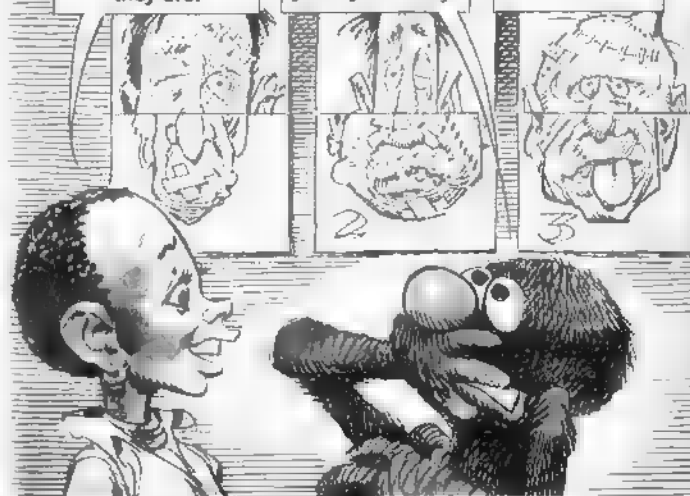
Number 2 top goes with Number 1 bottom!



You missed again, Grover. The truth is, that the faces fit just the way they are!

But they look terrible, horrible, yecchy that way!

Maybe that's because you've never seen pro hockey players before!



789ABCDEFGHIJKLMN0PQRSTUVWXYZ0123456789ABCDEFGHIJKLMN0PQRSTUVWXYZ

That's **BAD!**

No, that's **GOOD!** You become a **controversial**, which brings more people to the ballpark just to see you! Then you demand a huge raise in salary and tell the press that the owner is cheap!

That's **BAD!**

No, that's **GOOD!** The owner gets mad and trades you!



That's **BAD!**

No, that's **GOOD!** You hurry off to join your new team but you don't sign a contract!

That's **BAD!**

No, that's **GOOD!** Next season, you're a free agent, and can sell your services to the team offering the most money! That's **GOOD** for you and **GOOD** for me—I'm an agent for ballplayers!



This part of Athlete Street has been brought to you by the pep pill "Dexedrine"...

... and the Point-Spread "6½"!

THE NERDS AND THE BEES DEPT.

In grade school, you probably learned—and promptly proceeded to forget—that bees have 12,000 eyes...that some turtles live to an age of 150 years...that the heart of an elephant

weighs over fifty pounds...and other marginally useful bits of information that came under the heading of "Interesting Facts About Animals." But did you know that there are equally

AMAZING FACTS ABOUT THE ANIMAL WORLD

ARTIST: BOB JONES



Digger wasps derive nourishment from such unlikely sources as aged tobacco, mustard plasters and cowhide products.



Americans derive nourishment from such unlikely sources as Twinkies, Ding Dongs, Yoo-Hoos and Cheetos.



The wolf spider mother carries its young on its back until they are able to take care of themselves.



The ears of the katydid are located just below its knees.



The brains of a bigot are located just below his wallet.



The boll weevil does about \$20,000,000 damage per year to United States crops.



An insect with its head cut off can still continue to walk.



An elected official with his mandate cut off can still continue to talk.



Chameleons can change their colors to match their surroundings.

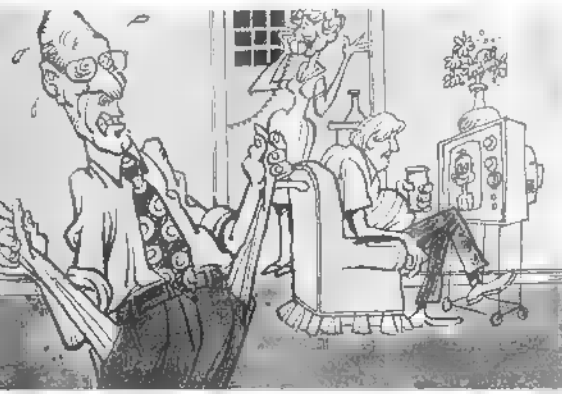


amazing facts about human beings...especially American Human Beings, that rival the oddities of the animal world, and that these come under the heading of "When An Editor Is Desperate,

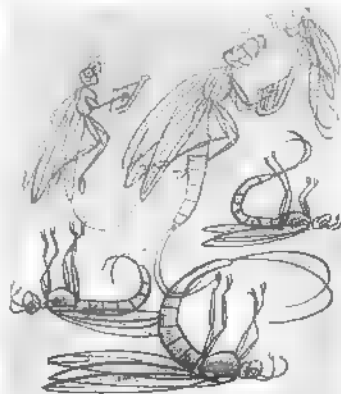
He'll Print Anything!?" Read on, and you'll see that, although a reticulate python may go to a length of thirty feet, there's no length to which we at MAD won't go for an article like...

S AMAZING FACTS ABOUT THE AMERICAN SCENE

WRITER: DENNIS SNEE



The American father carries his young on his back until they are able to take care of themselves—and sometimes longer.



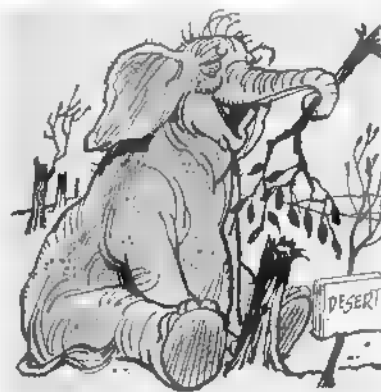
The May fly has a life-expectancy of one day.



The luxury sports car parked on a city street has a life-expectancy of one hour.



The drunken driver does about \$22,000,000 damage per year to American life and limb.



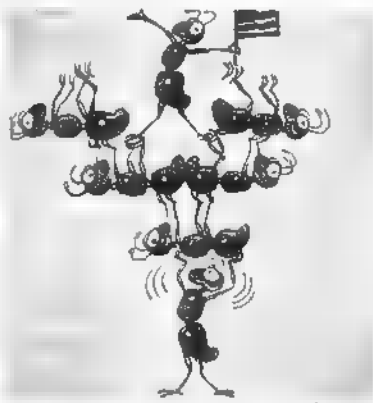
An elephant can eat 350 pounds of food in one day.



An American family can waste 350 pounds of food in one year.



Politicians can change their colors to match their surroundings...only faster.

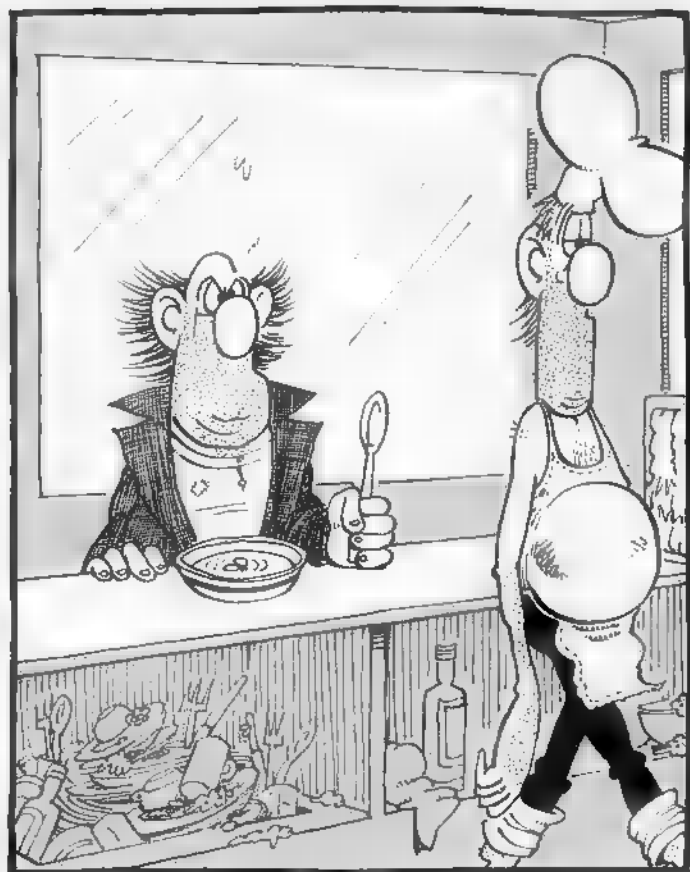


An ant can carry more than six times its own weight.



An American consumer can spend more than six times his own income.

ONE AFTERNOON AT ROCKY'S DINER



There's a new hit show on TV that takes place on a lush tropical island. People (mostly ABC stars) visit this remote paradise in order to live out their secret desires and unfulfilled fantasies. Sounds like a great idea for a series, right? Wrong...unless you happen to be the Network Executive whose secret fantasy was to come up with the most ridiculous show to hit TV since "My Mother—the Car." In which case, your fantasy is being fulfilled weekly with this idiocy called . . .

FANTASY "BUY" LAND

Ratchew . . . what do you think you're doing . . . ?

I'm living out my "leather" fantasy, Boss! You know, short people have fantasies, too!!

I'm sure they do! But that kind of fantasy, unfortunately, cannot be shown on TV . . . or in this magazine!

Too bad! It would do wonders for our ratings!

Never mind! Go and get dressed now! The PLANE is coming . . .

Who are our guests going to be, Boss?

Mr. Shorn Chastity, a student, who's always dreamed of being a "Gunfighter", and Miss Fairer Faucet Minors, the famous poster girl and TV sex symbol . . . !

I hope her fantasy is to make out with a suave, handsome . . . very short-in-stature Frenchman!



ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

Sorry, Ratchew, but Miss Minors fantasy is a Cinderella Story in reverse! She dreams of escaping the spotlight and living like a plain, everyday person! She's going to work here as a Waitress!

A WAITRESS? I like my idea much better!

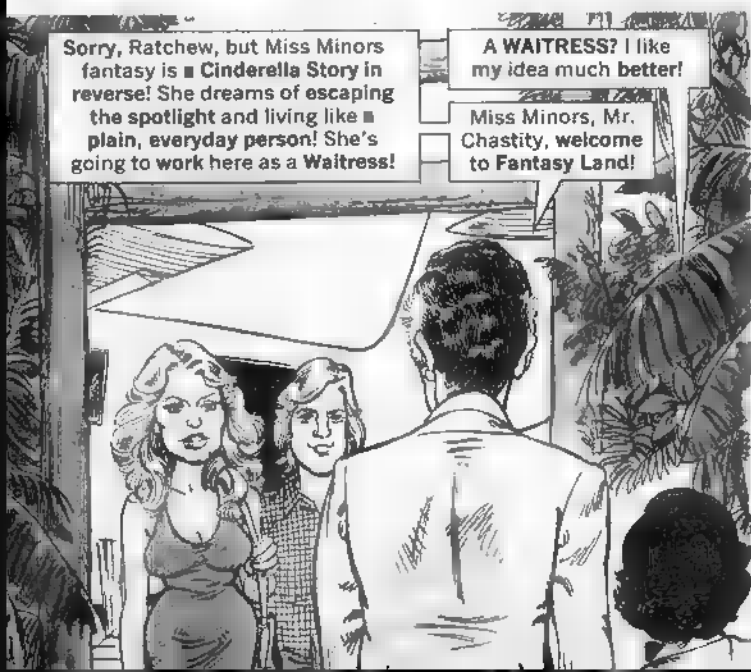
Miss Minors, Mr. Chastity, welcome to Fantasy Land!

First, Fairer, we have to deglamorize you so you look like a typical resort hotel Waitress!

You forget, Ratchew . . . this is Fantasy Land! And here—**ANYTHING** is possible!!

Boss, it would be a lot easier to pass me off as a Center in the N.B.A.!

Now, let's see . . . a new hairdo . . . a pair of sensible, flat walking shoes . . . and a bra! That should do it!!



Torres

Okay, Boss? Now, can I play in the N.B.A.?

I didn't mean YOU, idiot!! I meant Miss Minors!

SHE'S going to play basketball? Boy, I'd like to go one-on-one with HER!

No... we are going to turn Miss Minors into an unglamorous resort Waitress...!

It'll never work, Boss! She's much too beautiful!!

How many times must I tell you, Ratchew—All women are beautiful! Of course, Miss Minors has a couple of outstanding natural attributes—

Yeah! And the rest of her ain't bad, either!

You look splendid, my dear! Ratchew, meet Fanny Forcer... Waitress!

She can serve ME a meal ANYTIME! Er—how about breakfast in bed in the morning?

Mr. Chastity, before we begin your fantasy of being a Gunfighter, let me warn you—This is not make-believe! We use REAL BULLETS, the victims bleed REAL BLOOD and there will be REAL DEAD BODIES!! Demonstrate for our guest, Ratchew...

BLAM
BLAM

STUPID!! Shoot at the TARGET, not ME! I wanted to show Mr. Chastity that we use REAL BULLETS!!

Sorry, Boss! I thought you wanted to show him a REAL DEAD BODY!!

SPLAT!

BLAM

This is your last chance to stop your fantasy, Mr. Chastity!

Not to worry, Mr. Rook! I was All-Conference Fast-Draw Champ! I'll give you a demo! Ratchew, toss a bottle in the air!

NOT THAT ONE!! That's a forty-year-old rare vintage!

Dummy! I was saving that for a special occasion...!

For my birthday, Boss?

No, you stupid @\$%! For your FUNERAL!!

BAY 8



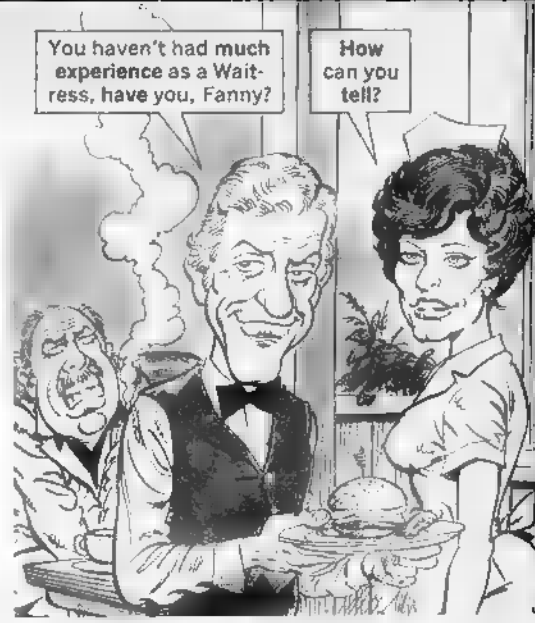
Er... Miss!

I suppose
you want my
autograph!

No, I want
you to
pour me a
cup of
coffee...

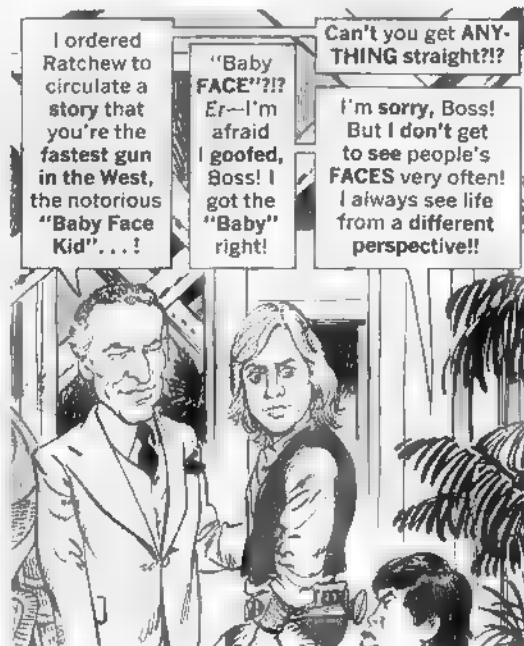


AIEEEEE!!



You haven't had much
experience as a Wait-
ress, have you, Fanny?

How
can you
tell?



I ordered
Ratchew to
circulate a
story that
you're the
fastest gun
in the West,
the notorious
"Baby Face
Kid"...!

"Baby
FACE"?!!
Er—I'm
afraid
I goofed,
Boss! I
got the
"Baby"
right!

Can't you get ANY-
THING straight?!?

I'm sorry, Boss!
But I don't get
to see people's
FACES very often!
I always see life
from a different
perspective!!



Look who
just rode
into town!
They say
he's the
fastest
gun in
the West!

Got a
strange
name,
too! The
"Baby
—some-
thing—
Kid"!

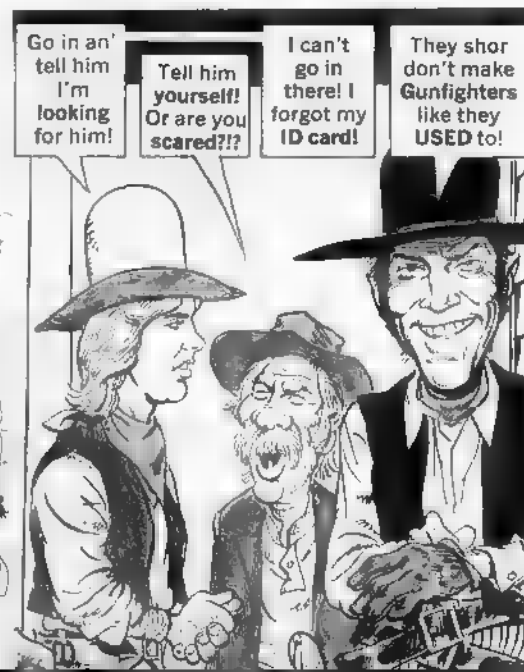
Howdy, stranger!
Welcome to the
lawless town of
"Killerville"

Howdy! Are you
driving The
Welcome Wagon?

No, I'm driving the meat wagon!
I'm Les Trites, the coffin-maker
... and do I have a box for you!

Where can
I find
Black
Bart...?

In the saloon! Where
ELSE is a Gunfighter
gonna hang out...
in McDONALD'S?!!

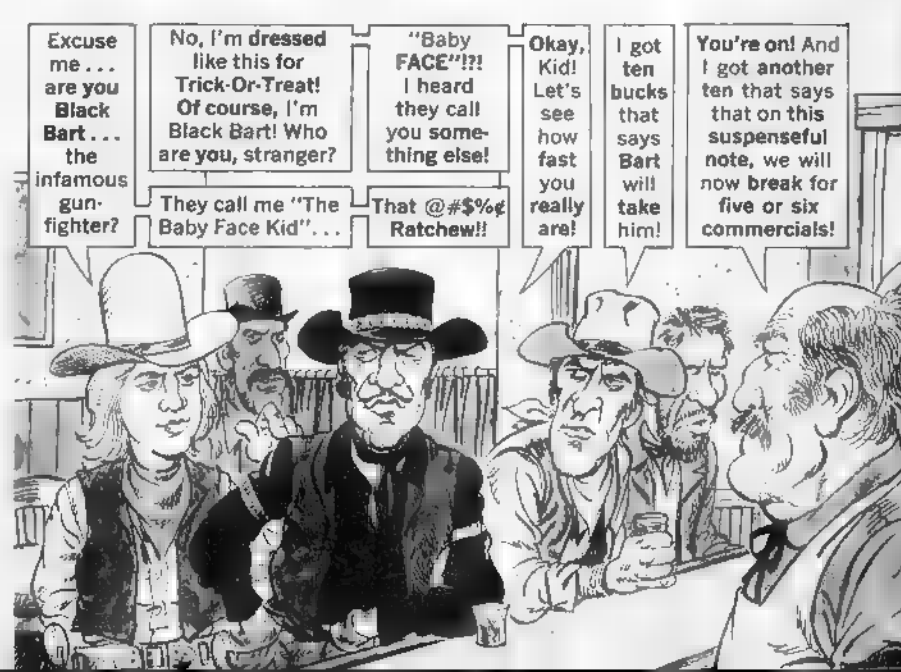


Go in an'
tell him
I'm
looking
for him!

Tell him
yourself!
Or are you
scared?!?

I can't
go in
there! I
forgot my
ID card!

They shor
don't make
Gunfighters
like they
USED to!



Excuse
me...
are you
Black
Bart...
the
infamous
gun-
fighter?

No, I'm dressed
like this for
Trick-Or-Treat!
Of course, I'm
Black Bart! Who
are you, stranger?

They call me "The
Baby Face Kid"...

"Baby
FACE"?!!
I heard
they call
you some-
thing else!

That @#\$%
Ratchew!!

Okay,
Kid! Let's
see
how
fast
you
really
are!

I got
ten
bucks
that
says
Bart
will
take
him!

You're on! And
I got another
ten that says
that on this
suspenseful
note, we will
now break for
five or six
commercials!

Fanny, we've known each other only a few days, and I've grown very fond of you! But I have a confession to make! I'm—I'm not really a Waiter . . .!

I know! You're a Prince . . . or a rich Playboy . . . and you wanted to see how the other half lives!

If I were rich, why would I want to do a dumb thing like waiting on tables?

No, I'm a Good Humor Man! I work as a Waiter in the off-season!

I've got a confession to make, too, Dyke! My . . . my name isn't Fanny! It's Fairer Faucet Minors!

Yeah, yeah! So get to the good part . . .!

I SAID I'm Fairer Faucet Minors!!

That's it!! That's the whole thing!!? You lied about your name!!? That's even duller than my Good Humor Man confession!

You—you don't know who I am?? Don't you have a TV set . . .!!?

No, I live in a trailer and there's not much space! So I had to make a choice between a "TV" and a "John"!



Unnngh!

You . . . you Got me, Kid!

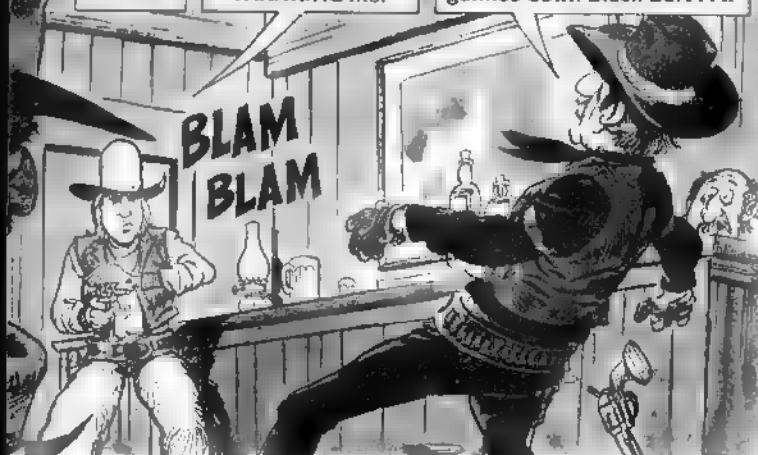
Thanks!!

I've heard of good losers, but this is ridiculous!

Why are you **THANKING** me?

I'm glad you won, Kid! Now, it's **YOUR** turn! Every punk who can strap on a gun will be lookin' to have a shoot-out with you so's he can be the guy who got the guy who gunned down Black Bart . . .!

**BLAM
BLAM**



Hey . . . Who are all **YOU** guys?

We're **Gunslingers**, lookin' to make our reputations by gettin' the dude who zapped Black Bart!

See what I mean . . .? They can't even wait for me to **CROAK**!!



Mr. Rook, I told Mr. Van Dick that I was really a glamorous star and sex symbol, and he said he didn't care . . . that he'd marry me anyway! We're going to live in his trailer!

Won't it be crowded?

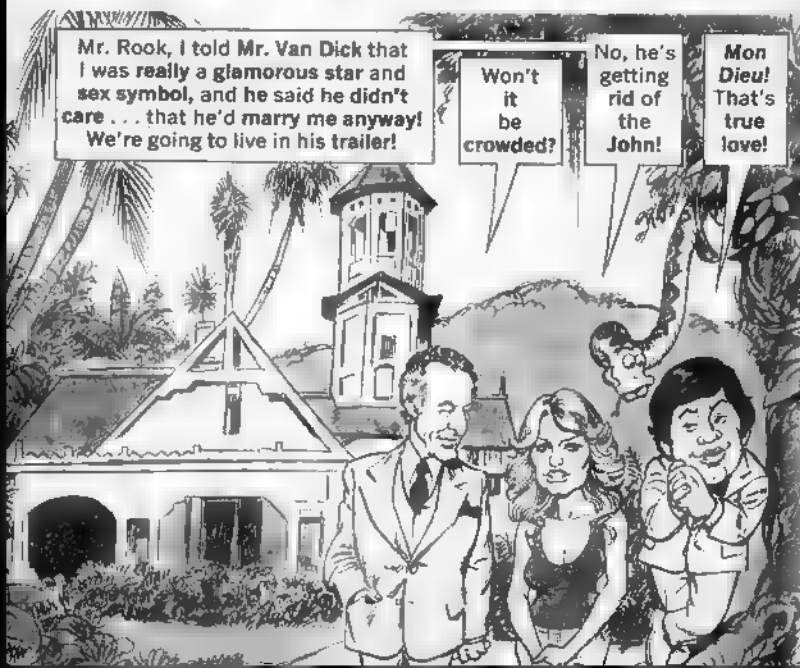
No, he's getting rid of the John!

Mon Dieu! That's true love!

Just think! No more photographers, no more autograph hounds, no more gropers! From now on, I'll be able to go to the Supermarket with my hair in curlers . . . drink beer out of a can . . . and play the pinball machine in the candy store! I'm—I'm so excited! My whole life will be a—a fantasy!!

Are you sure that's what you really want, Fairer?

Of course, Mr. Rook! Doesn't everybody!?



Who—who is that?

The Bartender! He was taking his pad out of his pocket to write my check, and I thought he was drawing on me!

Mr. Rook! I want out of my fantasy! I can't even walk down the street without somebody challenging me to a gunfight!!

I'm sorry, Mr. Chastity, but according to The Code Of The West, a Gunfighter is NOT ALLOWED to quit!

Can't quit...?! No wonder there are no French Gun-fighters!

I have an idea! You can LOSE a gunfight... and then you'll be off the hook!

Yeah... and I'll ALSO be dead!!

No... Ratchew will put blanks in your opponent's gun, Mr. Chastity! You will only pretend to be shot! Er... Ratchew, where are you going?

To put a bet on the gunfight! I think I finally got a sure thing!!



Like many of our stories, this one, too, has a moral, Ratchew! And it will be a very valuable lesson for Mr. Chastity!

I think you're right, Boss!

Don't you think he's overdoing this death scene?

He's NOT ACTING, Boss! I put the blanks in HIS gun by mistake!

I feel terrible! Mr. Chastity was the first guest we ever lost!

You win some, you lose some, Boss! Nobody's perfect!



Boss, I just can't believe that a sexy, gorgeous creature like that would choose to be a middle-class housewife!

Ratchew, you have to remember that our audience is made up of average people who sit home on Saturday night and watch TV! When they see stories like this, they think their dull life style is preferable to that of the beautiful people of the jet set!

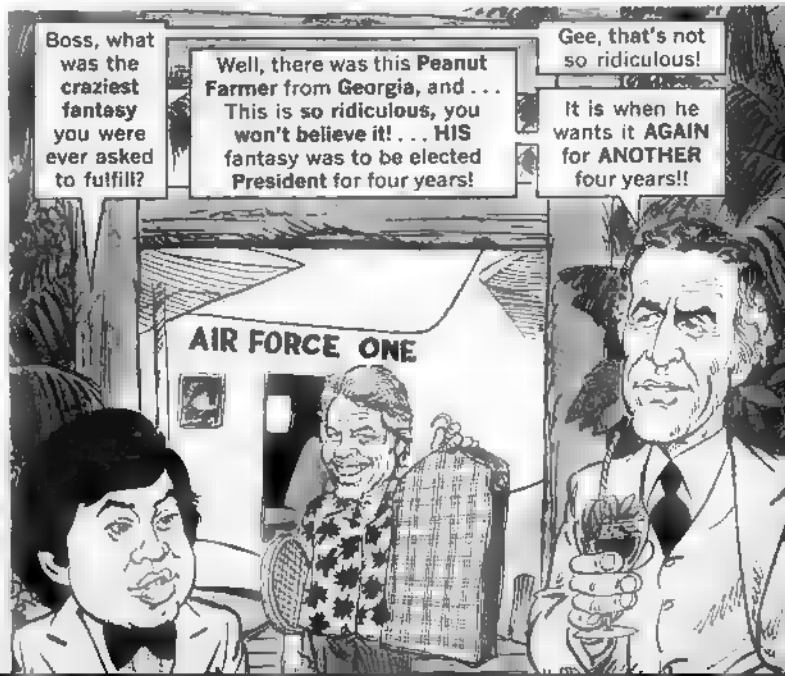
Now I know why they call this Fantasy Land!

Boss, what was the craziest fantasy you were ever asked to fulfill?

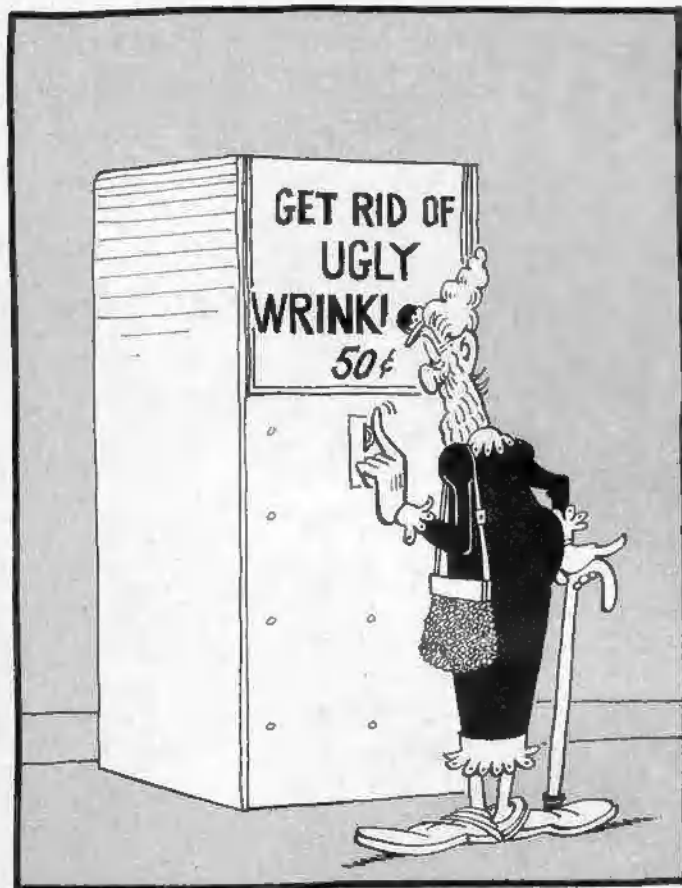
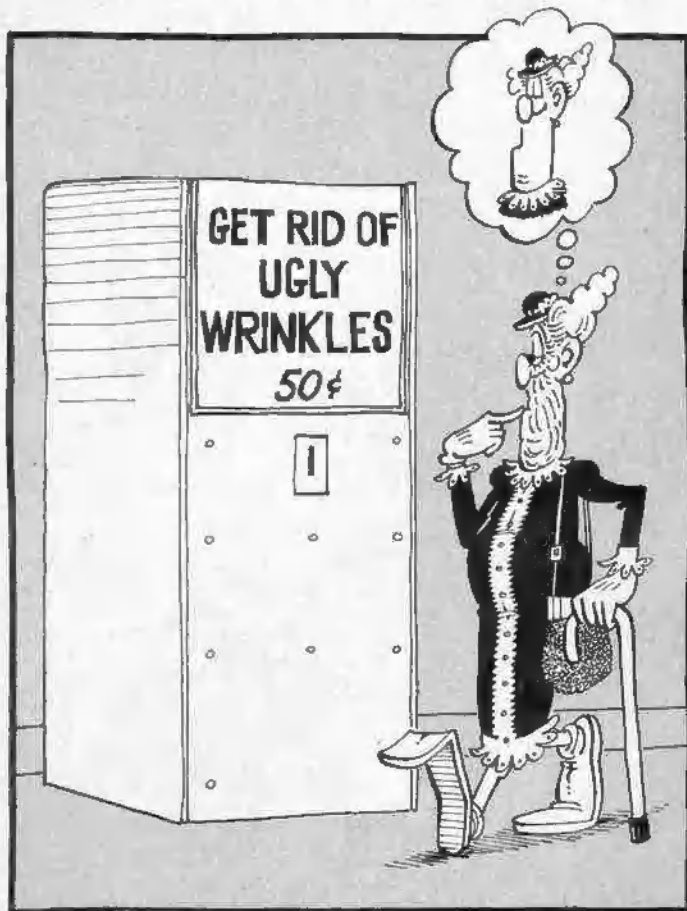
Well, there was this Peanut Farmer from Georgia, and... This is so ridiculous, you won't believe it!... HIS fantasy was to be elected President for four years!

Gee, that's not so ridiculous!

It is when he wants it AGAIN for ANOTHER four years!!



ONE EVENING AT THE BUS TERMINAL



**WHAT FORMER
WORLD CHAMP
IS TAKING
AN AWFUL
LICKING
LATELY?**

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

In our highly competitive world, yesterday's bum can become today's champ...and tomorrow's bum again. One such unbeatable champion has been hanging on the ropes lately. To learn the identity of this "has-been," fold in the page.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



Jaffee

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

TAKING A TERRIBLE SHELLACKING IS THE KIND OF CATASTROPHE
UNBEATABLE CHAMPS TRY TO AVOID. MOST WON'T TAKE CHANCES.
BUT ONE FORMER CHAMP LATELY SEEMS TO HAVE RUN OUT OF LUCK!

A

B

**WHAT FORMER
WORLD CHAMP
IS TAKING
AN AWFUL
LICKING
LATELY?**



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



**ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE**

**THE
U.S.
BUCK!
A B**

ONE DAY IN PARIS



ARTIST: DON MARTIN



WRITER: DON EDWING

